VACATION THOUGHTS.

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VACATION THOUGHTS.

VACATION THOUGHTS;

A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

BY MYRON E. BAKER.

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TO MOTHER.

PREFACE.

THE poems, if so they may be called, which constitute this little volume, were written for the most part during the past summer vacation.

While they are most of them the expression of original feeling in the author, some are subjects quite remote from any inspiration, in many cases written mechanically and principally for discipline, some were written as school exercises, and a few are imitative of well known poems but inferior to those which suggested them. They are the rude beginnings, and are by no means a satisfaction. There has ever been an ideal clearly before the author's mind, but it has been in vain that he has striven to reach it or even nearly approach it when so limited by incompleteness and immaturity, and it is only from pressure of circumstances and present need that he is induced to venture the publication, hoping that thus he may be able to derive means for further development.

The composition of poetry in itself is very beneficial, and of the greatest value in inducing acuteness of thought and excellence in taste; but the harmful tendency is in rushing into print before there is maturity and individuality or without sufficient merit. There is a large amount of such literature appearing yearly, which has its day and is forgotten, and the author of this little volume is painfully conscious that he is putting forth what is manifestly of the same class, and justifies himself only in the end.

His chief object in this little book is to raise the means necessary for finishing a college course. If it shall have accomplished that he will feel justified and repaid both for the work and the personal sacrifice, and he will expect as he wishes that after it has served its purpose it will be forgotten.

Hoping that the defects will be overlooked in the circumstances which have brought it out,

Very truly,

THE AUTHOR.

KENOSHA, WIS., *Sept. 7, 1887.*

AMORI SUPPLEX.

O am I worthy her love,
Her pure, unselfish heart's love
To me given
From heights so far above
Near unto heaven?
No, No, not worthy;
But I conceal
The imperfections that I feel —
The coarse and earthly —
And from her sight,
Her pure love light,
I hide away my nothingness,
And seek her love to bless
Me with its tenderness.

Yet have I striven
From out the depths to rise
To meet her eyes,
Be known and be forgiven.
And with the purpose strong and deep at heart
Contended for the manlier part;

Threw off the bonds and from the dungeon deep
Climbed up the hilly steep
With lips compressed,
Without a rest,
O'er thorny way
And rugged rock,
Climbed up to meet the day,
But all in vain,
Foot-sore and worn
With burdens borne,
Fell back again
Down to the darksome deep.

But joy! She followed me
And stretched her hand to me!
She did not see
Down steps how steep
Or depths how deep
Under the ground she wended,
When she to my soul descended,
But to my heart's lone cells,
Her heart with love intent,
Her eyes on me
And thoughts of me,
Unheeding where she went
Or darksome the descent,
Came and found me.

I led her soul apart
Down many steps and steep
To the dungeon of my heart,
And hand in hand we went,
O love, hand in hand,
Down to our home so deep
Where light of day
Was shut away.
But there she set a light —
A steady, glowing light whose beams
Drove out the night
And sent its pulsing streams
To every dark recess,
Until at last the gloom
Was cleared away
And I saw breaking day.
She led me on in ways unknown
O'er heights I could not scale alone,
O'er steeps and fallen stone,
Till in the full noon-light
With promise bright
We stood upright.
O help me, Spirits, more,
Ye Spirits of pure love !
Help me to be,
True Love, the more like thee

And more worthy;
Though failing oft and still in vain
To clear and build again
The better than before,
Help me the more.

HOPE.

Come, Hope, with eyes so bright, and lead me on.
I leave the past — the cold, dead past — behind,
And all its weight of happiness and joy,
Its sorrows and its tears are naught to me,
For past joys are remembered with regret,
And dead affections come not back again :
So let them pass away.

But let me view
The fair landscape that stretches far before
To morning's rosy light. Its splendors thrill
My beating heart, and I would be away
And leave the night behind. A radiance
Of light my vision floods, an atmosphere
Of cordial breathes around my grateful sense,
And ecstacies of song break on my ears.
Now from the rifted clouds, the sunny light
Is fallen on a maiden's form, and I
Am held in sweetest trance; and now again
Its glory falls upon a monument
Of marble, pale and cold, and round its sides
Are laurel wreaths that beauteous appear,

And riches at its foot, and I press on
To greet the monument, the laurels, and
The gold; and hand in hand with Hope again
I see the glorious splendor falling now
From Heaven, where I gaze with raptured eye
And see the Vision Beautiful.

So, Hope,
With thee the past evanishes and all
The future is a pleasant vale that lies
Half hidden in the mist and beautiful
As cities in the distance seem.

With thee
All things are bright and good, and at thy voice
E'en weakness rises up from where it lies,
With heart that pulses quick and eager hands,
And over all its enemies prevails.
At thy command it forges iron chains
And fetters strong of triple steel, and binds
The vanquished fears and black despair, and thrusts
Them down to dungeons where they rage in vain.
Thy presence steals upon the troubled mind,
And at thy touch the burning fever leaves,
And all within is tranquil and serene,
For as thou givest strength, thou givest peace.

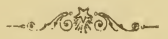
TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Sweet picture do you make in my esteem,
Fair maiden, and your presence more I feel
Than do I see the picture you reveal,
For I'm assured you are just what you seem;
And you, this Christmas morn as you appear
In neglige and with the children here,
Intent upon their sports and laughing low,
In helpful ministry, and telling o'er
The happy children of the Child once more,
Have never till this time quite charmed me so;
Yet these are not the central things that make
Me conscious of your better self, nor springs
There admiration for your form or face.
I do not see your hair with every grace
Unloosed in tresses brown and gold, but now
Transfigured light upon your thoughtful brow
And calm and peace within the deep blue eyes
From out whose depths unfathomed seems to rise
The wealth of sympathy that underlies,
A thoughtful countenance in which do meet
Sweet records lived and promises as sweet.

I see a soul and not a face, and read
A history, a song, a truth, a need.
Youth's glory rests upon your cheek; your brow
Is lighted with its hope; and you are now
As Mary at her Master's feet reclined,
Or Ruth, the chooser of the better part,
Of sweet content and dignity of mind,
Of modest worth, and truth, and chaste of heart;
And may God guide and be with you, pure one,
As He has been, and you may richly bless
With tender love and truth and happiness.

EVENTIDE.

There is an hour when I remember thee :
'Tis when the setting sun hath kissed the flowers,
And when the moonlight fills the evening hours;
All nature rests in sweet tranquility,
And thy face haunts my willing memory.
'Tis a sweet time — for as the evening lowers
The gentle wind and calm hath magic powers
To bring again thy presence back to me;
Then all is blessed, for I call to mind
Thy gentle ways and all the scenes beloved
Which once we trod together, and I find
A consolation in the thoughts approved
Of eventide, while pleasing fancies tell
A world of joy, till dew-fall breaks the spell.



TO—— IN HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

How beautiful your youth ! O spirit bright !
Your mortal lineaments seem all refined
By kindly Nature and a gentle mind
To something holier and purer quite
Than flesh and blood; and your soul so white !
And when I see your brow and fair young cheek
And loosened tresses flecked with golden light,
Your sweet endeavor and your spirit meek,
I mind me of the snowdrop, Winter's child,
That brings the fairest promise of the year.
Dear spirit, pure one, chaste and undefiled,
Of artless ways and blithesome heart sincere,
Let me, sweet flower unfolding in this air,
Commend you to our loving Father's care.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

A little youth and maiden
  Were playing all alone,
Where the lovely violets
  Were sweet and freshly blown.

O they were like the sunshine,
  Their eyes, the sky above;
And Friendship was the gentler one,
  The bolder one was Love.

She said, and paused in playing,
  "Without you what am I;
Unless you tend my opening buds,
  My blossoms droop and die."

"Not so," he answered softly;
  "Without you I am naught,
For love not born in friendship
  Is but a passing thought."

So they made a chain of violets,
  And bound each other fast.
O may the love that friendship is
  Grow ever strong and last!

COMMUNION.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
  Which seems to float forever
Upon a strange mysterious stream,
  And thine with mine together.

We float past mountains, woods, and hills,
  Their beauty past revealing;
Our spirits flow together in
  A paradise of feeling;

And far away we hear the sound
  Of dulcet voices singing;
And woods and valleys all around
  With harmony are ringing;

And in the trancing dreamy calm
  We float forever, ever,
Our spirits rapt in peace and rest
  Upon the winding river.

TO THE C. L. S. C.

Chautauqua, hail to thee!
The chime of your bells is heard to-day
In many a heart that's far away;
And you scatter your blessings free,
Chautauqua, hail to thee!

On, on, to the city of God!
His light shall illumine the pathway we tread,
And open the way where our Master has led;
And your work is noble and good.
On, on, to the city of God!

RELIGION.

Religion is a feeling
Away down in the heart,
That goodness is worth living for
And we must do our part;

That the great God who made us,
The earth and skies above,
Dwells with us, makes life beautiful
And sacred with his love.

L'ALLEGRO.

I can not tell what happened;
I only know I feel
A heart so full of happiness
It seems but partly real.

The lark goes singing in the sky,
And rapt I watch his flight;
The oriole's and linnet's song
Awakes a new delight.

And everywhere and everything
Is now so changed and cheery,
I labor all the happy day,
And am not tired or weary;

And those old, thoughtful, sober moods,
That vexed and pained me so,
Are gone completely since you came
And set my soul aglow.

I know not how you found me,
What impulse led you here;

But the earth has changed around me, love,
Since once you came so near;

And now forgetting all things else
For this, the nearest tie,
I look to you for happiness,
And happy am I.

A GREEK LOVER'S MONODY.

IL PENSEROSO.

Come silent night all darkly,
And brood upon the hapless cares of earth;
Be hushed ye mocking sounds of mirth;
And Nightingale be still; or if you sing,
Sing, Philomel, with drooping wing
Your saddest strain of melancholy;
And come ye ebon shapes of Morpheus' train,
And give surcease of care in sleep,
While I sink down lapped in a soothing strain
Down, down to some Lethean deep.
There I'll forget this racking pain
That throbs within my aching brain.
Time drags himself with weary pace
While Day is held in Night's embrace;
While like the dark Etrurian shade
That high-arched Vallombrosa made,
The thick gloom rests upon the ground,
And cloaks the earth in rest profound;

Or as passed through the Avernian cave
To that dark shade beyond the grave,
'Tis said rolls woeful Acheron
And Cocytus of lamentation;
There where shades bereft of light
Wander woeful in their flight,
Or in the gloomy myrtle grove
Walk the shades forlorn in love
And all unfortunates that mourn
For sorrows and afflictions borne,
And where Dido and Pyrrha wait,
And Sappho fled from Phaon's hate.
How sad and mournful all around
With but the hoot-owl's dismal sound,
Or through the darkness far and faint,
The Whip-poor-will's grievous complaint.
I tossing on the pillow lie
With fevered brain and sleepless eye,
While others rest in peaceful sleep,
And even the fowl of air and deep,
And beasts of the field and those that make
Their homes in thicket and in brake,
Enjoy sleep's restoring balm;
And all the world is lost in calm,
But no nepenthe comes to me.
The pale-faced moon in tears I see,
Looking through the misty space

With such a wan and woeful face;
As Orpheus when he dared to take
A backward look, and saw forsake
The Shade of Eurydice beloved;
Or as he when fair Daphne fled,
The Delian, saw her lost to him
And laurel grown in every limb;
And Leucothea walks the night
To re-salute the world with light,
The strength of wearied limbs renew,
And balm the earth in opiate dew.
Now all is still except the leaves
Of Dodon oaks, that in the breeze
Seem to whisper doubts and fears
And vain misgivings in my ears.
I see the fleecy Northern Star
That bears Andromeda afar,
The cynosure of Perseus:
And Alcides with Cerberus.
I watch the little star away
In hapless Cassiopia
That seems so lorn and woeful-wan;
There Aldebaran and Procyon
Emit their misty, mournful light,
And there Betelguese so bright
Adorns the doughty warrior's arm;
And there Medusa's dread alarm;

And I watch them, and they watch me
In mutual mocking misery.
I toss and tumble in unrest;
I long to sleep, but fears arrest
The drooping lids that fain would close
In tranquil slumber's sweet repose.
Now phantom hope crowds through the brain;
Now moody fears control again.
I hear the dirges of the wave
So mournful, sad, and solemn grave,
In harmony with all the earth,
And with the thoughts that have their birth
Within my darkly brooding soul
And give their color to the whole.
Like Pandora, the goddess Love
Is graced with all the gifts above,
But from the casket of her woes
What pain and doubt and misery flows !
Yes, very Circe with charmed cup !
I drink the whole potation up,
And straightway at her changing will
Smart with every pain and ill.
At her sweet will I'm all so glad,
And at a word downcast and sad;
I dote upon her smile; I know
Not whether she love me, and so
I die a thousand deaths, and then

In one sweet look I live again,
And dying live and living die
In every glance or word or sigh.
Iole, coy and hard to please,
Why is it that you love to tease?
You said you loved me not. What then?
You'll say you love me once again;
So why do I not turn to sleep,
Nor longer think to doubt or weep?
O dear Iole! Be more kind,
Relieve my doubting, fearing mind
From phantom form of hope and dread,
And give rest to my aching head;
Say that you love me, me alone.
And as the harnessed hours move on
I turn upon my couch once more
As restless, sleepless as before.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hail happy Nature smiling!
The fields delight; the rivulets are gay;
And through the livelong, blithesome day,
My heart with joy beguiling,
I hear the thrush in raptures sing,
The sweet voiced lark on soaring wing,
And far away the goldfinch's note
From the cheery songster's throat.

Come Terpsichore of the song and dance
My willing soul entrance;
Thou too, Erato, and rehearse
My joys in gladsome lyric verse;
And pensive Thalia chaste and pure
With pastoral idyls more demure.
My heart so light is scarce contained
For very happiness constrained.
How fair the earth is in these tides
When the sun with Taurus rides,—
Happy spring time with its dowers
Of Amalthea's fairest flowers!
The whole world an Elysium seems
With pleasant vales and laughing streams,
And flowery fields where zephyrs play
With Flora all the joyous day,
And softly full of tenderness
Linger in her fond caress.
I hear the sound of Hermes' reed,
And see the careless shepherds lead
Their blithesome flocks to distant fields,
And on the balmy breezes steals
The Arcadian pipe and Dorian mood
And voice of birds from yonder wood.
Sabean odors scent the air,
And, busily humming here and there,
The bees as on Hymettus' hills

The clover's liquid sweet distills.
While yet the lady Dawn afar
Was opening for Phoebus' car
The gates of morning in the east
And her rosy charms increased,
I rose and sought with troubled love
The dewy fields and silent grove
Where I could cherish all my fears,
When like Niobe all in tears,
I saw Iole weeping there,
Drooping as with love-lorn care
And crying as her heart would break,
Fair as a naiad of the lake,
Or like a wood-nymph pining sad,
A Delian nymph or Oread.
I took her hand and pressed her cheek,
Kissed her, begged her not to weep,
Said that Hylas loved her, did not mean
What he'd said the yestere'en;
And I felt glad and she like me
As happy as Euphrosyne,
And so the world is full of joy
And happiness without alloy.

OCTOBER.

The year so fair in summer
Now is nearly done,
And the yellow leaves of Autumn
Are falling one by one,
Are falling one by one,
And on the wonted bough
Where the birds once sang so sweetly
All is still and cheerless now.

E'en so the heart is lonely
For friends that do not stay;
Aye, the flowers that bloom the sweetest
The soonest pass away,
The soonest pass away
When summer time is o'er:
And like the bough forsaken
Is the heart forevermôre.

TO DR. HOLLAND.

Dear Doctor, I have learned to feel
  Your words as holy truth,
And your precepts have been the guide —
  The censor of my youth.

What inspirations I have gained
  From teachings of your page,
What aspirations, nobler aims,
  Will not forsake my age;

And from your noblest work of all,
  Full many a vital spark
Has fallen on my heart, with power
  To illumine what was dark.

And from the fullness of my soul
  Let me this tribute give
To one who more than other men
  Has taught me how to live.

MY KATIE.

"A teacher's life is full of care
And troubles sore and weighty;"
I smiled to hear a friend reply;
But she had not my Katie.

A little country girl was she,
And fair of form and feature,
Who came to school and said to me
Each day, "Good morning, teacher;"

And all the weary, livelong day,
Attentive to her study,
Pursued her quiet, cheerful way,
Nor spoke to anybody;

And when the time came, said "Good night,"
And joined her mates demurely,
And left me happy, happy there,
Well paid for effort surely.

And yet she was a happy child,
And cheer'd the world around her

With smiles as full of sunny light
As the head of gold that crowned her;

And calm, blue eyes that told you true
Were filled with deep expression;
And she endeavored, sweetly, too,
To "truly get her lesson."

I learned to watch the winding road,
To see my Katie coming;
A pensive smile upon her face,
Along the roadside trudging;

A bunch of spring-flowers in one hand,
In one her little sister,
Her little brother on before —
I scarcely ever missed her;

A quiet step I knew so well,
"Good morning," sweetly spoken,
And in one hand her sister's still,
In mine the little token.

And all the tiresome day I felt
The gladness of her greeting,
And well rewarded for my pains
When I went home at evening;

And if my friend had had, as I,
A little girl like Katie,
She then would not have had to sigh
For "teacher's cares so weighty."

VERSES TO "PASS UNDER THE ROD."

I saw a fond family circle close drawn
To a father beloved and endeared;
And the future conformed to the glow of their hearts,
And the fairest of fancies were reared;
And the joys of the worldly and gains of the rich
Seemed but trifles compared with content;
And their home was their world and their treasures the gifts
Which the bounty of heaven had sent;
But I saw when the pallor of merciless death
Had imprinted his brow with its chill;
And the father and husband was stricken from them,
And the circle was broken and still;
But the Healer was there with the fatherless ones;
And He watched them with fatherly care;
And the heart He had taken drew her's from below
And enthroned it in happiness there.

They had each heard a voice — 'twas the voice of their God :
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

I saw two dear friends with their faces aglow,
As light hearted as Nature in May;
And they walked arm in arm, and their thoughts were attuned
To their heart beats so buoyant and gay;
And their friendship had woven a tender-linked chain
Which had made their two souls but as one;
And together they shared changing sorrows and joys,
While thus brightly their lives were begun;
But I marked stealing over a friend's pallid face
A shadow — the shadow of Death;
And in anguish a friend watched over a friend
While was ebbing the slow tide of breath.
But the Healer was there who had stricken the heart;
And He made it more pure and refined;
And the Lethe of sympathy purged it of pain,
And o'erflowed with good will to mankind;
For there whispered a voice,— 'tis the voice of our God :
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

I saw side by side in the vigor of health
A youth and a maidenly girl;
And they walked in the morning of unbetrayed hope —
In the day-dreams their fancies unfurl.
Oh he loved her most dearly and valued her joy
As the happiest part of his own;
And she trusted confidingly in his bright hopes;
And together time quickly had flown;
But I saw when the fever had kissed her flushed cheek
And her forehead was chilled with the frost,
He knelt by her couch and in agony prayed,
And in vain called her name whom he'd lost;
But the Healer was there who had called her from earth;
And he turned to the Comforting One,
And the bitter cup passed from his lips, and he said:
"O my Father, 'tis Thy will be done."
There had whispered a voice — 'twas the voice of his God:
"I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

HADLEY WOOD.

Now the gray old oaks are lighted with the westward glowing sun;
Through their branches climbs the setting, and the day is nearly done.

Still I linger with what longing in these shades of Hadley wood;
And within my being mingle all of sorrow and of good.

Here as ever stand the oaks, exulting in their ancient days;
Here the paths that I have trodden, all the old familiar ways.

Here as ever wave the tree-tops, and the breezes whisper low,
Just as when, a boy, I listened, on the Druids long ago;

For the leaves that rustled softly spoke a language to my ear
Whose import and primal meaning my young heart was quick to hear;

And I hear the same low whispers stealing to my ear to-day,
But my heart clings to December while the wood is in its May.

Yonder sits the thrush enraptured, but the thrush and linnet sing
To the burden of my feeling, calling back another Spring.

Then the scented breath of clover came to us from yonder hill,
While we picked the yellow buttercups and wandered at our will;

Then the wild birds sang their sweetest, and we lingered in the shade,
And we gathered blue-eyed violets in cool of yonder glade;

Then you promised with your blue eyes when I asked your love for mine,
And the joys of heaven came to bless the kiss that sealed me thine.

But the summer passed away, and ere I dreamed the time had flown
Came the cheerless days of Autumn, and I was left alone;

For one day the flowers perished when the wood
was cold and drear,
And with them my gentle Annie at the closing of
the year.

Oh that you were with me Annie ! here in Hadley
wood again;
And the Spring would stir my pulses as it stirred
my pulses then.

For my limbs were strong in action, and ambition
spurred me on;
And 'twas but the early morning of the work I
had begun;

And I longed to meet the future that my eager
eyes beheld,
Till the bow of promise faded and the vision was
dispelled.

Though my friends at home await me, still I
linger in the wood;
And amid its deep'ning shadows cherish still my
inward mood.

But along the oak-tops stealing come the voices of
the breeze;
And once more I hear the mystery speaking to
me from the trees;

And once more I feel the Presence filling all the solitude;
And I turn me from the longing, and I lose my selfish mood;

For the Spirit that had chastened, breathing in the silence here,
Steals upon my heart and soothes it in a peace that passeth fear;

And I drink the cup of bitterness nor ask the sweeter one;
And no more complaining vainly, say: "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Yet I grieve for thee, my Annie, and my heart shall ever be
In the bosom of old Hadley, slumbering in the grave with thee;

And when here again I wander in the Spring time or the Fall,
I shall think of one who perished, once the fairest flower of all.

But the Spring will come with Hadley, and the flowers will bloom once more,
And the violet and arbutus as lovely as before;

And so, too, I know in Heaven will my Annie bloom again,
But no more in Hadley wood we'll meet, Annie and I as then.

But when the mighty oaks of Hadley shall have perished and be gone,
In a fairer home than this was I and Annie shall live on.

Yes, the Springs will come with Hadley, and the thrush and linnet sing,
But when I shall hear their gladness I'll recall another Spring.

And Autumn days will come again, October's red and gold,
Till the boughs are all forsaken and are sighing in the cold;

And I'll watch the twirling oak leaves as they flutter to the ground,
And I'll think how like my hopes were to the leaves that fall around;

And at last the outlined oaks I'll see against the wintry sky,
Hoary with the rime of Winter, bare and desolate as I;

And when snows of some December Hadley
wood have wrapped in white,
I will follow gentle Annie to the realms beyond
the night.

Yet why should I speak so falsely! It is ill that
I have thought,
For I still should live to labor else my life were
lived for naught.

O, my soul no longer inward on thy sorrow and
thy care!
Search for self no longer inward, for thyself is
otherwhere.

Outward, outward passes thought from quickened
brain to goodliest deed,
Outward to the pulse of nations, outward to the
sufferer's need.

He who made me, He who kept me, did not give
me life to wrong;
I will cherish thoughts more worthy, I will live
and still be strong;

I will live, for life is worth more than a broken
heart can name.
Onward, upward, with the foremost I will seek a
nobler aim!

For the world is slow advancing from the confines
of the night;
And the latest day is dawning with a new and
fuller light.

Shall I teach the rule of reason and yet err
against its law?
Shall I hope for human grandeur and yet show
its chiefest flaw?

I will rise and be in action, not the Stoic but the
man,
For true brotherhood and helpfulness and labor
as I can.

Let me labor to the utmost but I then shall not
forget!
Let me love as people need it, but a greater holds
me yet!

What are time or place or living to a true and
cherished love!
Earth may hold all other blessings, but I'll seek
for one above.

But the shades of night creep lower, and o'er
spread the world with gloom;
And the moon's soft light is falling on her distant
marble tomb.

One by one the stars are twinkling with their still
and lambent glow;
And I watch them while they blossom in the tree-
tops as I go.

COMPENSATION.

Like some great tree — the strong and mighty
oak —
That strikes its roots still deeper day by day,
And grapples with the rocks that bar its way,
And bears the firmer each fell tempest's stroke,
And, when the breezes and the sun provoke,
Conceals its rugged trunk in bright array
Of foliage, and branches new and gay,
With fuller strength and beauty 'neath its cloak;
So e'en the soul, by grief and anguish torn,
Becomes the stronger for its care and pain,
And reaches out and holds the good and true
Until they give relief and strength anew,
And full of hope and cheeriness again,
A finer, more etherial beauty's worn.

HOW?

How do flowers know 'tis day
And ope their eyes?
How do streamlets find the way
From where they rise?

I see the seedling upward reach,
But who should teach?
And stars through endless spaces ride,
And where the guide?

But all things are as best they should,
And God is good;
And I can trust for the human soul
Its rightful goal.

WOMAN.

Not angel, quite, as poets dream,
But rather nearer God and man,
And higher, nearer does she seem
To him who knows and loves her best,
In truth, more human, more divine.
In her I've seen the Master's face,
And found my living bread and wine.
Nay, if God dwell in earth and air,
Then have I seen the Eternal One
Enshrined within a woman's form
And claiming worship from my heart.
True sister of the son of Man,
And sister of the son of God.
In sickness near and yet divine —
In sickness, almost coveted
For very sympathy it brings,
Her hand is like the hand of God
The while it cools the fevered brow,
Yet nearer far than His could be;
And when the strength permits no more,
Her hand is grasped with thankfulness —

Her cherished hand — with joy and love,
With gratitude only tears can tell.
If sorrows come, a comforter,
The true disciple of that One
Whose ministries she best can give.
Her voice will linger, leading thought
With cheerful words from fear or doubt,
Redeeming care with sympathy,
And soothing weight of pain with calm;
And in the darkest hours of life
Her gentle spirit leads to light,
Her frail hand soothes, her faith supports;
And man may falter, man may fall,
Before temptation's slightest blow,
While she resists and clings to him
Through darkest fortune, loyal still,
Though he shall stain his hands with crime.
This is not weakness; it is strength,
The strength of Him who loves and bears
Though we forget and slight His love.

O woman! — mother, wife, or friend!
What sweeter names are on the tongue
To thrill the heart or move the soul!
O mother! Shall another love,
Or shall another feel for me
The holy love you bear and feel?

Enduring and unselfish love
That never changes — mother-love !
A wife, true wife, to say "God speed !"
To greet the wearied after toil
With looks of gladness in her eyes,
That cheat fatigue of all its pain,
And fill the soul with her sunshine,
Is a being linked to angels and
Exalting him to her estate.
Yet where in heaven may there be
An angel like a gentle wife,
So angel-like and yet so near ?
Or friend, to win the confidence,
And steal upon the inmost thoughts
Like summer winds on sleeping vales,
Or breezes in the sultry noon !
And I have given confidence,
And never have I been betrayed
By woman.

What her friendship is,
Those who have never felt the need
May never know. Her kindness comes
As heaven sheds the dew, unasked,
And seeking no reward but love.
Oh ! there have been times when I felt
The weight of cares I may not name,

When life seemed burdensome and dark,
And all things wrong and out of tune,
When she has seemed the only tie
That bound me to this hated earth;
And then again has she fired hope
And aspiration in my breast,
And made life seem a very joy;
And with her hand in mine, led me
To see the beauty of this world,
Which I had missed before, until
In tears of very hope and joy
I've thanked God for the right to live,
And thanked Him that I had a friend.
Yes, I have lived again in but
The pressure of her hand, and so
In truth to God and womankind
I give this tribute of my love.

CHANNING.

Etherial spirit, well I know that now
Thou art in Heaven near the Central Light,
Yet now I seem to see those eyes so bright
With kindly smiles, the calm and saintly brow,
The spare, slight form, the shoulders drooping low.
I seem to hear that calm, sweet voice to-night,
A Beethoven's symphony of still delight
Transporting me from darkness here below
To heavenly air and light, as once of yore
Was Miriam's timbrel heard on the Red Sea Shore.
Sweet Buddha of the West! His life lives on
In promises fulfilled when he is gone.
I know not what in that far brighter sphere
The angels call him; he was CHANNING here.

MASTER.

Dear One, Pure One of Nazareth, Thou art
As near as when Thou walked in Galilee,
And taught upon the mount or by the sea;
For now is Thy abode in the pure heart,
And still Thou teachest men the better part.
In those I love Thy lineaments I see;
I hear Thy voice in those most dear to me;
And hand in hand Thou leadest me apart
From my worse self, as by Gennesaret
The young man by his evil self beset.
Unmeasured fullness of Our Father's love
Illumined Thee with wisdom from above;
Not so am I. I follow, for 'twas given
To Thee the power to teach the way to Heaven.

WORSHIP.

It is not singing psalms
  Is music in God's ear,
But it is being one
  That he delights to hear.

Not only lips but lives
  Must swell the anthem's strain
And voice the hymn of praise,
  Or else the song is vain.

To be true worshippers,
  We must ourselves be true
To all the good we know
  And all that we can do;

For we ourselves are temples,
  Our hearts His holiest shrine;
And in them, if they're truthful,
  He'll enter with love divine.

TELL ME SO SOMETIMES.

Yes, I know you love me, dearest,
But 'tis sweet to hear it said;
Though my soul be still the nearest,
On assurance is it fed.

Could I doubt it? Not at all, love,
But I want to feel it, too;
Though the knowing does the mind, love,
For the heart it will not do.

Heart and soul get hungry, truly,
As the stomach or the mind;
If you do not feed them duly,
They, too, perish, you would find.

Let me feel the true heart union,
It will do the spirit good,
In the lip's and soul's communion
Find I heart's own living food.

So though I may know it well, dear,
Though the truth itself I know,
Clasp your arms around my neck, dear,
Kiss me still and tell me so.

WERE I TO DIE TO-NIGHT.

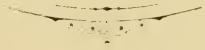
Were I to die to-night,
My friends would look upon my pale, cold face,
Lying so calm and still in death's embrace,
And some would deem me fair, and some more
dear
Would kiss my pallid cheek and drop a tear;
And they would take my hand with tenderness
And clasp my dead heart in their fond caress,
Poor living heart so void and cold to-night!

Were I to die to-night,
They'd not think of my selfishness or pride.
My faults and weakness would be laid aside;
And they would only think with loving thought
Of kindnesses my chilly hand had wrought,
Some kindly word these icy lips had said,
Or willing deed on which my feet had sped,
And I would not be all alone to-night.

Were I to die to-night,
The hearts so cold and far away from me
Would turn to me again remorsefully,

And they would gather round to mourn and weep;
But I would rest untroubled in my sleep,
And they'd think kindly of me, but, unshriven
Would vainly wish of me to be forgiven;
But I would sleep forgiven all to night.

I trust I'll not to-night,
But, dear friends, do not wait till I am dead
Before the words of tenderness are said;
O say them now, for weary is the way,
And I am weak and need your help to-day.
Forgive me, friends, and love me now I plead,
For when my rest is come I shall not need
The tenderness I long to feel to-night.



SAILING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

O gently do we drift upon the lake
On whose still bosom fair and bright
Is mirrored heaven's lesser light,
While splendors of the wavelets newly take
Light in our wake.

The soft breeze scarcely moves the silver tide,
But wafts us on upon the calm,
And breathes upon our cheeks its balm,
And leaves the gentle ripples far and wide
On every side.

The shore is distant, and the only sound,
A sweet, low murmuring, we hear,
Like dream-songs breathing in the ear.
The great old world's asleep, and peace profound
Is all around.

What transformations in the fair moon beams!
The boat's wing turns to silver now;
The halo round your upturned brow;
Methinks, like some old pictured saints' ring gleams.
So white it seems.

And in my heart a peace and calm is given
That passeth thought as joys o'erflow.
Can even Heavenly angels know
Bliss more complete or holier in Heaven
Than here this even.

PERFECT LOVELINESS.

The blush upon the cheek will fade away,
The features change, the golden hair grow gray;
For youth and beauty shall not always last,
When loveliness is cast in mortal clay.
But then it is with youth and beauty passed,
That woman perfect loveliness attains.
The soul in a diviner mold is cast,
And paints a beauty that forever reigns,
Illumining the countenance with peace
And loveliness, and glories that increase
And fade not as the beauty of her youth.
The eye can never lose its blue, but grows
In depth of thought and calm until it glows
With deeper feeling, sympathy, and truth;
Until it pictures on her face the whole,
The perfect beauty of a woman's soul.

MY FAITH.

"What is my faith?" you ask of me.
'Tis not in words or creeds;
But my faith is in faithful acts
And earnest, noble deeds.

It is my faith that we should make
This earth so glad and bright
That every heart shall thrill with joy,
Each soul be filled with light.

It is my faith that we should speak
True words of hope and love
To those who need them; and their lives
Shall be our crown above.

It is my faith that we should be
So true, and strong, and brave,
That good we've done shall still live on
When we are in the grave.

CHANNING'S PICTURE.

Channing, dear, departed saint,
Your semblance seems to speak with me,
Portrayed with art so masterly
Yet all so pale and wan and faint.

Your lineaments are cast in shade,
As if I saw you in the twilight
Colorless in shades of night
Into which your features fade.

But your eyes so deep and true
Are filled with light, and heavenly grace
Seems to light your calm, sweet face,
As if your soul-light lighted you;

And my communion thus I feel
A very joy and good for me;
And I could almost worship thee,
To me you seem so good and real;

But when I've not been true or kind
You seem to know it; and I see
You look so sorrowful at me,
As if you read my very mind.

UPLIFTS OF SOUL.

Too often are we prisoned in ourselves,
And seeing darkness think all things are dark.
We look within and not without. Perhaps
We seek to know ourselves, but we do err;
For who would know himself must seek the light
Of outer things, for he is mirrored in
The eyes of others and in other hearts
Is written what he is for him to read;
And would he know, he must forget himself
And think of others, pains and joys.

Oh it
Is good for us to have those selfless moods,
When we can turn from every self desire,
Forget our own works, failure or success,
And only feel that it is good to give
What others need, our tenderness and love;
When we can lose all consciousness of self,
And turn from longings, sighs and vain regrets,
To all that's beautiful, with smile and cheer
To help the good along; and we do feel
The better for the lighter heart; and all

The good we do and feel becomes our own.
To smile is better than to give without,
To those who are the most in need, and cheer
Is worth the charities of earth combined.

It is not generous to keep within
The pale of self, to think of interests
Our own always, nor are they happiest
Who live and labor to themselves, but they
Who work without their natures, and who share
The songs they sing, their cheerfulness, and selves.
Come, let us walk apart from self where'er
You will. 'Tis good to seek the wood and try
To feel and share the joy of bird or squirrel,
Until we're in full sympathy with them
And Nature, who is ever kind and wise.
Come, let us see the Beautiful, the works,
The goodness, and the tenderness of God,
Until we feel, as feel we must, that life
Well lived and happily consists, in truth,
In doing, feeling, being good.

And let
Us climb the heights of soul — the uplands of
The spirit. Now are we more near to Heaven,
But we will not gaze in the clear, blue sky
That seems just o'er our heads. Lo ! all around
Is beautiful; and let us not look far

Away, for God is near. Behold just at
Our feet the valley. We may see the homes
So near that we discern the occupants,
All busy in their daily works. We see
The farmers in their fields, children at play,
And now and then the farmers' wives about
Their pleasant homes. The flocks are on the hills,
And herds are grazing in the distant vale.

Our little selves are lost in better things;
Our thoughts are broader and our hearts in tune;
We see that others are, and live and love;
We feel that all is beautiful and good,
And now have songs to sing ourselves, and wings
Of happiness and hope to fly above
Our own weak natures and the darkness of
The prison where we dwelt, to brighter fields
Of cheer and helpfulness to human kind.

A REVERIE.

The sun was high and I was overcome
With weariness from my long morning's jaunt.
My rambles here and there had turned my steps
A distance from my home, and now at last,
Emerging from a thicket I dropped down
Upon the grass beneath a friendly oak.

All nature's grander loveliness was here;
It seemed a temple of the living God.
The breath of the Creator seemed to move
Along their summits whispering; the birds
Sang praises, and the trunks and soft, warm earth
Were all instinct with Him. And here no sound
Of all the busy world was heard; the cares
And strife of human kind, the worldly thoughts,
And pains that try the heart, were left behind.
But here was perfect worship: everywhere
The glory and the fullness of His power
Was manifest, and everywhere His peace.

My heart was overflowing and I knelt,
And there acknowledged Him who made me,

For I could not resist the spell and knew
That He was near, so near that I could feel
His presence and scarce dared to raise my eyes.
I felt that I was all alone with God,
And had a yearning great beyond control.
"O Father; if I love Thee truly, and
If I be only worthy, Father, give,
To me, as Thou of old to Moses gave,
Some sign or token of Thy care and love."
I waited listening, but all was still;
No vision, no reply. But far above
The happy birds sang on; the breezes played
Among the waving boughs; and all was calm.

My soul was heavy and my heart grew sad,
But while my eyes were resting on the sod,
I saw a little violet just bloomed,
So fresh and beautiful, so instinct with
The mystery of life and breath of God
That I was satisfied, and, thanking Him
For all His tender mercies and His love,
I rose assured that God is and is good.

ON MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

O my youth, where are you going? Leaving me?
And ere long I shall never see you more;
And so the little life that soon is o'er.
I cannot think that this is all there be,
Else I should dread the coming end I see
So surely, surely coming on, before
My lips have tasted half life has in store.
Farewell my youth, farewell my happy youth!
I loved you as a friend, but you must go.
I grieve not, and I turn away to greet
The future's promise of a fuller truth,
Assured there is a life with youth replete,
Of joy and love and peace the good may know.

HEROES.

There have been heroines and heroes bold
By whose courageous deeds the true and good
Have been sustained; and brave young spirits stood
But lately where the deadly thunders rolled,
And held to duty at a cost untold,
And bravely struggled midst the fiery flood,
And for the Right and Country shed their blood,
And died and lie forgotten in the mold;
Not less, forever, front of maid and youth,
Where victories innumerable shall be won,
Lie stretched the battle fields of Trial and Truth,
Where conquest of the foe is scarce begun;
And there was never nobler hero known
Than single handed met the world alone.

TO LIVE IS WHAT?

Oh, what is life?
Is it to be called great?
Is it to have a name?
To fill the chair of state
Or win the meed of fame?

Is it to dwell
In luxury and ease,
Be merry and grow fat
With everything to please?
Refinement and all that?

Or life to live
In boudoir or in bower?
To woo sweet boons of praise?
Or have a beauty's dower
And draw the admiring gaze?

Life is to know
The worth of a true friend:
To grow more wise and free:
To see in heaven above
Not sky and deep immensity
But truth and love.

TO THE PESSIMIST.

'Tis not as dark as some folks think
In this old world of ours;
They do not see the sun that shines,
They watch the cloud that lowers.

'Tis summer somewhere all the time
While yet our old earth rolls,
And gold boils o'er the cloud-cup brim
Somewhere for happy souls.

Each hour, each day, some parapet
Resounds the sunset gun,
Relieves the weary sentinel
Whose work has been well done.

To some sick-bed each moment comes
The radiance of day,
The sunset gloom, the dreaded chill
Of darkness passed away;

And the bewildered traveler
Shall see, while he feels safe,
On land or sea, in life or death,
A Hope, a Love, a Faith.

VICTORY.

Too long, my soul, within thyself contending,
Thou hast forgotten what thy mission was,
And all thy strength in this vain conflict spending
Mid warring passions in a fruitless cause;

Too long, O mind, hast thou been over-bearing,
Forgetting wherefore strength was given thee,
And yielding it to weakness and despairing
In inner conflict with thy own decree;

And thou, O heart, wrapped up in selfish dreaming
And stranger to another's woe or weal,
Too long hast lingered in a world of seeming,
Inert to helpfulness where things are real.

But now the long-drawn self-conflict is ended,
And all thy impious foes at last o'erthrown,
And thou, my better self, thy fetters rended,
Are standing all triumphant and alone.

And now no cause shall fear or doubt awaken,
For thou art glorious in strength and right;
No more thy purpose or thy faith be shaken;
No more thy guiding truth be lost from sight.

THE DEWDROP.

Dear little dew-drop sparkling bright,
So pure and full of heaven's light:
Tell me your secret; I would be
All lovely, pure, and bright like thee.

"I have no secret," the dew-drop said;
"I follow gladly where I'm led;
"O'er river or ocean or grassy hill,
"For weal or woe I do His will.

"I cool the fevered plain and bear
"Refreshment to the flowers there:
"The snow-clad mountain, the vale below.
"And the laughing brook, my mission know;

"And when each little task is done,
"I look up to the golden sun;
"And clouds bear me to Him above
"To hear the mandate of his love."

Dear little dew-drop! Now I see
Obedience is victory;
The dutiful spirit He will bless
With love and care and tenderness.

A GERMAN MYTH.

To Adam gave the Lord the task
  Of naming bird and beast;
But He Himself named all the flowers,
  The greatest and the least;

And then He went around again,
  And asked each flower its name;
But when He asked one little flower,
  It hung its head for shame.

And said, "Dear Lord I looked on You
  When You came near and stood,
And I forgot my name, I felt
  To see You was so good."

The dear Lord spoke with gentle voice,
  "My little flower forgot?
Well never mind the name I gave,
  Only *forget-me-not.*"

RICHES.

He is most poor who lives
And labors to himself,
Nor of his plenty gives;
And he the wealthiest,
Who loves and blesses most,
Who is most loved and blessed.

BREAK, O SEA!

Break on your cold, grey stones, O sea,
And billowy surges roll;
You've caught the measure of my heart,
The rythm of my soul.

In vain your fond caresses fall;
Oh, why appeal to stone?
Yet so my heart has poured its wealth
Of love where love has flown:

And so like your untiring wave,
My heart, though sad and crossed,
Will ever warmly beat for one;
I still must love the lost.

So break upon your stones, O sea!
And billowy surges roll;
Beat on forever human heart;
Be faithful, O my soul.

THE FOUNT.

A fountain bubbled from the earth
  Amidst a forest's shade,
And slowly grew a little stream
  That rippled through the glade;

And all around was calm and still,
  No sound but voice of bird,
Or rustling leaves that overhead
  The whispering breeze had stirred;

And now and then the passing deer
  Paused at the fount to drink;
The sluggish bear with heavy tread
  Stepped o'er its mossy brink.

But now are heard the cries of war,
  And dusky foemen creep
To the little fount to bathe their wounds
  Or slake their thirst and sleep.

'Tis still again, but ere long comes
The pale-faced settler here;
And soon his ax rings in the wood,
And his cabin's builded near.

The wood is long since cleared away;
The stream is deep and wide;
And now a city beautiful
Reposes at its side.

So from the gushing of a fount
The stream and city rose;
So from the depths of every heart,
The man, the whole world grows.

A CHILD'S KISS.

A little child kissed me to-day.
How much that gift, I pray?

How could I find some truthful measure
For such a treasure?

Yet that small gift the child gave me
Can measure history;

Conducts me back to when the world began
With savage man;

And tells the strivings of each race
To find its place;

The longings, aspirations, fears,
Of countless years;

The hopes, loves, faiths which doubt
Has reasoned out;

The steady growth of man to find
The gift of mind;

The millions gone that have bequeathed
The kiss received.

A LUMP OF CARBON.

Tell me, lurid lump of carbon,
Blazing in the parlor grate,
While the flames are twisting, turning,
Of the primal world's estate.

Were you once a palmy giant,
Waving high above the world,
Where the tropic storm-cloud's lightning
Its electric fire-bolts hurled;

And around your roots did waters,
Universal waters, lave,
While the world was all a jungle,
Set amidst the tropic wave.

Tell me, did some Mammoth, straying,
Stop to graze upon your leaves,
Or beneath your trunk reclining,
Pass the tardy hours at ease;

Or, perchance, a monstrous Saurian
Crept up from the neighboring sea,

Swallowing some hapless creature
With surprising agility;

While maybe quite near your roots
Two Ichthyc beasts in dreadful fray,
Meeting on the strand beneath you,
Fought, and bled their lives away.

Was there trace of man, O palm-corpse,
In that age of yours primeval?
Was it man or was it monkey?
Was there aught of good or evil?

Tell me, lump of carbon, burning,
Blazing, twisting in the grate;
Picture out the by-gone ages,
And their wondrous tales relate.

A LESSON IN GEOLOGY.

We sat upon the sunny sands
And passed the time away,
She talking of the ages past,
I thinking of the day.

She held a stone for me to name,
Her hand how fair a setting!
I only saw the calm, blue eyes,
The stone and name forgetting.

She pensive talked of this and that,
Feldspar or quartz, what mattered,
Her words I heard and listened well,
But ever poorly answered;

And so the time passed fast away;
The afternoon soon wasted;
We looked upon the waves but once,
And then we homeward hasted.

That face demure, those eyes of blue,
They'll haunt me ever, ever,
Until again perhaps some day
We'll seek the sands together.

SCIENCE.

Hail, Mother of Wisdom, and Teacher of the
World!
True sister of Religion and of Art,
And moving spirit of them both! What works
Her hands have made for us since time began!
What influences given to mold and shape
The course of nations, and the lives and thoughts
Of men! And all has been as free as Heaven.
O Science, patient, loving, thoughtful, true!

Her voice is heard around the rolling earth,
And underneath the sea from land to land,
In tones more clear and wonderful, and on
An instrument more grand than other yet
The world has known — the great Aeolian harp
Of continents, whose chords respond to winds
Of many shores, and call the rocks and trees
Around to hear, like Orpheus of old.
With swiftness of electric flash she speaks,
Annihilating time and space, to all
The world; and nations gather 'round to hear

The happenings of every shore and clime.
Low requiems are followed by the songs
Of gladness, mourners' wails by sounds of joy.
Her voice is heard before the storm, and tells
The East of tempest in the West; the South
Of winds that come from off the Northern bergs,
But she delights in singing airs of peace,
And shuns the deep-toned thunder-notes of war.

She stands before the couch of suffering Pain
In tender ministry, and gives the draught
That cools the fever and brings life anew
To one who lingers on the brink of death.
The mangled form that tosses in despair,
She soothes with odor of the ether that
She holds within the phial in her hand;
And when the brain is lulled in slumber, and
The eye-lids locked in dreamless sleep, she pricks
The source of pain and drains the agony.

Her iron messengers haste to her will
Upon a thousand tracks of ringing steel,
That, like a network, intersect the land;
And with a steady pulse their iron hearts,
Tireless as time and sleepless as the sun,
Propel the living world from place to place,
And make two states the measure of a day,
And markets for her countless works afar

In distant cities. So her steamers ply
The great highway of ocean, and unite
The New World to the Old, at her command.
The white wings of her commerce fill the sea
To do her bidding, and she guides them back
Across the trackless deep to native ports.

And she herself the servant is of man,
And in her skillful, ready hands is laid
The measure of his every need and want.
Fair Science! Thou art, as the younger sister,
The Cinderella of ungrateful man,
And thou still patiently toil on for him,
Unrecognized, while all the praise due thee
Is lavished on thy sisters, dressed in robes
Of finer aspect. But the time shall come
When man shall learn thy truer worth, and thou
Shalt stand revealed more lovely than are they.

CONSCIOUSNESS.

For me the glory of the noon-day light,
The starry spaces in the tranquil sky,
The pleasant vales, the mountains tow'ring high,
The flower, the brook, the lark in airy height,
The silent grandeur of the peaceful night,
The earth and vast Creation far and nigh,
All things are for me, yet how small am I !
Oh, not so small if I shalt think aright !
For immensities I hold in conscious thought,
To them no power these countless years have brought
To feel so small a thing as I. Oh, less
Their years than my one moment's consciousness !
Their grandeur's lost beside the living soul
That in its consciousness reigns o'er the whole.

IMMORTALITY.

At morning when I gaze upon the sun
  Arising in the firmament for me,
  And all the glories of the earth, and see
The wonders of Creation one by one
That God has made to serve our life begun,
  I know they perish not. Is Death for me
  Who holds the earth's and sky's immensity
In consciousness and thought, while they live on
  Unmeasured years without the force to feel?
  Is mind than they less worthy or less real?
Is life, the greater, lost in death, the less?
  I know that it can never so befall,
That souls shall lose their crown of consciousness,
  And matter reign dumb victor over all.

THE PEARL.

Far down in the depths of its ocean home
A little oyster lay;
And clung to a rock in the coral grove
With its homely shell of gray.

Around it sported many a form,
With lightsome grace and free;
And many a quiet day it ope'd
Its shell to the great, warm sea;

But it felt one day a sudden thrill
Of pain in its little cell,
For a grain of sand had found its way
Within its opened shell;

But it set to work as well as it could
To repair the secret wound,
And lo! in the homely shell one day
A priceless pearl was found.

So may the sorrows that come to us
With life's resistless hurl,
In the wounded heart or chastened soul
Help us to make a pearl.

ARTEMIS.

Goddess of the silent night,
  Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
In thy car of gleaming light
  Coursing through the stilly air,
We entreat thy beams so bright,
Goddess of the silent night.

Lay aside thy pearly bow
  And thy crystal gleaming dart;
Cease the chase of flying doe
  And the hunting of the hart:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess of the silent night.

Now the sun is gone to rest,
  And the earth is cast in shade;
Rest upon his darksome breast,
  Thou who day of night has made;
Give us of thy wondrous light,
Goddess of the silent night.

DAY-DREAMS.

By the window sits a maiden, 'tis the dreamy
month of June,
Thinking, sewing, sewing, thinking, all the weary
afternoon;

And her head of brown is bended to her needle
and her thread;
And a thrush is rapt in singing on the elm bough
overhead;

But she does not mind her sewing or the thrush's
raptured lay,
For she dreams as I am dreaming, and her
thoughts are far away.

Far away her prince is coming, fine and noble
his degree;
He will woo her for his princess, and they'll live
beside the sea.

Not like princes told in stories is the prince who comes to woo;
They were fair or rich or courtly; he is brave and good and true.

He's a nobler prince than they and heir to manhood's fair estate;
He may have no lands or castles, but his heart will make him great.

He may have no gold and treasures; though his mind be all his wealth,
Needless were the world's possessions in the fullness of himself.

He has courage of the lion, he is strong in mind and heart,
But his gentleness and tenderness are all the better part;

And he's loyal in his loving; and she'll love him over well;
And forever in contentedness beside the sea they'll dwell.

A ROSE.

A dried and withered thing, you say,
As homely as there grows;
Yet sacred is it in my heart,
The dried and faded rose.

The memory of boyhood days
Is all to me a dream,
Until remembrancer like this
Makes real what only seem.

One Christmas night she pinned it on,
A friend I called her then;
My heart throbbed as it throbs to-night:
O God, it might have been!

We loved as two young lovers do,
Through happy youth together:
The rose is sacred for her sake,
As love is love forever.

TO MY PORTRAIT.

I've finished you, cold, speechless thing,
Unconscious, breathless — yet with power;
For round me hapless feelings cling
That were unknown before this hour.

And tears will come when you I see
So life-like — very counterpart;
But what can tears and sorrows be
To you, cold thing without a heart.

An ever calm and thoughtful look
Upon your placid brow you wear;
Your smile unchanged suggests to one
You never knew the weight of care.

A little while my life is passed,
And then begone this earthly clay:
But you will smile on and will last
Long years when I am passed away.

But this, perhaps 'tis, makes me sad
Whenever you I chance to see;
That they will view you and be glad,
And will not grieve, or think of me.

BRYANT.

True poet of the pure heart's noblest strain,
Of our bright constellation still the best,
Bryant, the greater Milton of the West.
E'er loyal to his muse, at Nature's fane
He hymns the cheering truth, the calm refrain,
That calls the pilgrim to the wood to rest,
Revives the latent music in his breast,
And kindles at God's altar love again.
Priest of the Universal God! He leads
The soul apart from worldly cares and strife,
And ope's the book of nature where it reads
The revelations of serener life,
Until new wings of hope and faith are given
The communing spirit to fly still nearer Heaven.

EMERSON.

I see him now, the poet, prophet, seer,
As from our Concord Delphi's fane released,
He comes, its mystic and its chosen priest,
By any other name a friend as dear.
He bears the Brahmin race-marks — welcome here —
The thin, slight form, the sharpened features creased
By nightly toil and frugal fare; but list!
He speaks with chosen words that find the ear
Well pleased with the effluence of his tongue
Where in the realm of thought sweet truths are sung.
Our own Prometheus, so sweetly wise,
Who draws the gift of wisdom from the skies:
As one the fire from Heaven drew, this one,
The light of understanding — EMERSON.

SHELLEY.

The fate the world reserves for him whose soul
Is far too honest for hypocrisy
Was yours, Shelley, and long, long shall be
Hereafter for those who fail the credulous goal.
You faults were eminent, but fine the whole,
And sprang from courage and fidelity;
For in your heart you hated tyranny
And superstition in whatever role;
Your sensitiveness and your courage one
Yielded to hatred for injustice done;
But triumphing, that finer spirit grew
Still nearer the conception of the True,
And gave its heart-effluence in a song
That vindicates a nature fine and strong.

TO F. R. H.

Like waters gushing from the rock,
  Sparkling, pure, and free,
So seems the flowing of your verse,
  The over-soul in thee;

Translated spirit, written song,
  That is not mind or art,
The full refulgence of your faith
  Deep founded in your heart.

Yet while I read I think of you
  As nobler than your thought,
A strength, a heart, a soul, beyond
  The work that you have wrought.

POETRY IN SCIENCE.

O tell me not the scientific eye
Sees poetry nor beauty in the forms
Which it delights to contemplate! Nor say
Who knows not truth the scientist has learned
As well as he the measure of delight
Can find in common things.

The world around
To one unlearned but in full sympathy
With Nature and her all pervading heart
Is grand, mysterious, or beautiful.
The devotee of Nature raptured hangs
Upon the distant vista with its vales,
Its winding threads of silver, and its hills.
The glossy lake is fair to look upon
In sunset glory or at morning dawn;
And on its calm, still bosom oft he thinks
Of what may be more beautiful but not
On earth, and led by pleasant fancies, dreams
Of pictures far more beautiful than those
He sees upon the fading shores, or in

The tinted twilight of the restful even;
And in the wood the simple minded folk
May still be raised to heights of soul and mind
In which they feel the grandeur of the world
More nearly and the Beautiful in all.

But to the scientist the tiniest blade
Of grass, the dew-drop, and the pebble bring
Associated pictures visibly
Before him, such as the untutored eye
Might never dream; and in those common things,
That paint no picture to the passing glance,
Are revelations to the scientist
Ineffable.

To him the drop of dew
Is not less beautiful because he knows
The hidden secret of its beauty in
The laws of light, nor yet less wonderful
Because he knows the forces and the laws
Which brought it into being and maintain
Its wounded symmetry. Nor does he view
With less of admiration or regard
The little flower that speaks the love of God
To him more surely than the tongue of man;
And think you that the pebbled beach to him
Has lost its beauty? Or the pebble there
Because it gained a tongue? That homely stone

Suggests a world evolved from shapeless seas
Of fire, and made a universal wave;
And this can tell of wild undream'd of things,
Of life that lived and died in what to us
A strange world were indeed. This fossil shell
Bespeaks the mysteries of our young earth,
So great, so hidden, and so passing strange,
Until the past is flooded with the light,
And all those thousand scenes revealed to him;
And this ribbed rock tells of the glacial sea
That rolled its frozen billows mile on mile
Above a cold creation long ago,
Until came man in milder times to learn.
To one 'tis but a pebble, but to him
A world of thought.

And so these common things
That pass unnoticed are to him new worlds
Of beauty and of truth. In each small drop
Of water is a sea pregnant with life;
The tender blade, bespeaks to him all life;
And in the flower he sees the universe.

SEVEN TO-DAY.

Seven to-day are you, bright little youth?
Happy you are, too, if I know the truth.
Brown-haired and barefooted, straw hat all torn,
But wearing the cheeriest smile that is worn.
The hope of your father, your mother's delight —
I know by your blue eyes, I'm speaking aright;
And now you are reaping the harvest of joy;
I know it, for I once like you was a boy;
And I played as you play, but never again,
For sorrow and care are the pleasures of men,
And too soon our boyhood forever is lost
In the world where our hopes oft are hopelessly crossed.
'Tis the seed-time and June-time of life to be sure,
But the plant needs the sunshine of youth to mature,
And the happiest, blithest of boys long ago
Are the strongest and truest men that we know.
We want no precocity learned and young

Nor wisdom that's lisped on the infantine tongue;
But give us the boys who have grown day by day
In the fresh air and sunshine in Nature's own way.
They are stronger and wiser and better by far,
And when men are in need we know where they are;
For the men in demand and the men in control
Are the men strong and healthy in body and soul,
And the vigorous mind, the one that is sought,
Is the mind that the strong happy boyhood has brought;
So be happy my dear little seven year old
While you may, ere the story of boyhood is told.

TO OUR MOTHERS.

Daughters of America, to you
The praises of a free-born people rise;
And in your love and care and courage true
The fount of patriotism to renew,
The dearest hope of future greatness lies.

Our wars, please God, are o'er. Let that be so,
But brave defenders she will ever need;
And great, strong-hearted, thoughtful men should grow.
Within and not without we'll find the foe,
And triumphing our legions you shall lead.

Yet teach them manhood and each manly art,
Contentment, gentleness, the faith you learned:
So shall some great and noble impulse start,
Born of the mind or fullness of the heart
Where slumbering genius else had vainly burned.

Like that Cornelia, let your jewels be
  Your sons and daughters; teach them noble
    aims;
Inspire with aspirations of the free:
So shall your lives be spent most worthily,
  And honors shed their lustre 'round your names.

AMERICA.

America, my heart goes out to thee
In exultation for my righteous pride.
What other land shall be or can be blessed
With all the gifts thy God has given thee!
The noblest fruitage of old Time thou art,
The proudest work of man, and richest gift
Of earth. The best of nations that have lived
Transmitted thee the best that lived in them,
And thou art all and more than they have been.
The noblest things of Greece, the greater Rome,
And powers that lived before and after gave
Thee light, and now thy light is over all,
And thou of all lands, greatest, happiest, best;
And now thy whole extent from the white sands
Of the Atlantic to the golden West
And the Pacific seas is one fair land,
One fruitful garden Everywhere the sounds
Of busy men, and everywhere is peace,
The teeming East and sunny South rejoice,
The North and West are homes of happiness.

Earth yields its countless riches — wealth untold
In mine and soil and stream and field and heaven.
Abundance, harmony, and joy are thine,
And over all the sun of Promise shines.

But best of all what men and women thine!
What hearts and hands in those old early days!
What purposes and strength of will, gave us
This happy land of peace, America,
And what a sacrifice maintained it whole!
Oh let us not revert to those old times,
For they are past and dead! And may no more
The storm cloud rise or the avenging sword
Be drawn, but if it be, Oh then be it
America against a common foe.

O youths and maidens! you shall bear the trust
Your fathers and your mothers leave to you:
America will soon be in your hands,
And you will hold its fate, for one by one
They drop away who guard its liberties,
And ere long you will find yourselves alone.

TO MEMORY.

Come Wonder-worker! Lead me on. I yield
All other claims for thine — the nearest one —
And willingly I walk the ways I love,
For thou wilt lead me through the silent years
Back to my happy, cloudless youth again.

I seem to sink a thousand leagues beneath
The sea of consciousness as in a dream,
While on my vision floods of golden light
Bear all the mellow pictures of the past
In full life tints and radiance of rose.
I see the faces that were loved, and hear
The accents of a once familiar voice,
Still breathing benedictions in my ears.
I clasp a gentle hand in mine once more
That thrills me even as it used to thrill,
And gaze in deep blue eyes that meet my own.

With thee I wander through the pleasant vales
My feet have trod before, and climb the heights
Of every youthful dream. I linger once again

In my old haunts of boyhood where I passed
So many happy hours. I stroll beside
The brooklet where I used to lie upon
The grassy bank for hours and meditate;
I live a happy schoolboy's life again;
And pass to other times when hopes rose high
With youthful aspirations bright and fair;
And once again I walk the beach and in
The wood in company with boyish love.

Thus as of old I wander and inhale
In hallowed thought the fragrance of the flowers
That perished and affections that are dead.
Oh this is hardest! Yet I'd not forego
A single scene, and hand in hand with thee,
Through tears and sunshine let me tread the way,
The old familiar lanes with banks of green,
The ways beloved beneath the skies of blue,
Between my early childhood's home and me.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

All nature is a revelation to
The mind of every race, and all can read
The great essentials there — nor can they miss
The teachings. To each mind alike the same
Great truths are spoken, and they can but listen;
For everywhere is seen, is heard, is felt,
Beyond the power of willing all His truths,
And they impress themselves upon the mind
With greater power than words or human speech.
The Seasons change to teach men gratitude,
To mark the lapse of time that else had passed
Unrecognized and fruitlessly. The Spring
Gives promise of the Resurrection and
The Life, and e'en its tiniest blade of grass
Is bridge across the sea of doubt on which
The trusting feet may tread without a fear.
Then comes the Summer with its lesson, too,
Of God's great care and tenderness and love,
And in the sycamore the wren and mate
Declare it as they perch above their nest

And sing. The linnet and the oriole
Attest by day; the nightingale at night
When all is calm and tranquil. Autumn comes
With ample stores to teach His goodness, and
The Winter teaches us necessity.
The tender flowers that grow in wood or field,
The violet and the anemone
And all their gentle sisterhood, talk of
Humility and peace and love, and they
Are vocal in their silence, speaking to
The dullest ears The dew, that falls unseen
At eventide to kiss the earth and flowers,
Bespeaks true charity that gives nor seeks
Reward; the forest trees, that interlock
Their boughs so lovingly, are emblems of
Fraternity, and as the grateful flower
Receives their shade so should the weak receive
Our sympathy and help; the rugged oak,
That stands upon the mountain's brow and bears
The bitter blast and rage of elements,
Exhorts us loudly to have courage when
We meet the ills of life; the little stream,
The herds and flocks that graze the pleasant vales,
The summer breeze that fans the fevered cheek,
Teach helpful ministry and love.

The cloud,
That floats on fleecy wings above, and sheds
Her tears upon the earth, speaks mercy; and
The bow, that spans the heavens, when the sun
Comes out and rain-drops laugh through tears,
Is promise of a hope, and bends to kiss
The earth in token of His love and care.
The breeze that strays along the summits of
The forest tree is whispering — "Forgive."
The sun declares the thoughtfulness and power
Of God, and teaches us to search for truth.
The moon awakes and walks the silent night
In chaste white robes among the virgin stars,
And as she walks, holds converse with the earth
Of holiness and purity and good.

All things have tongues to speak : the placid lake,
The angry sea, the thunder flaw, the brook,
The sunshine, but they all repeat, "Love God."
"Love God," the heavens whisper to the earth,
And all the earth responds, "Love God, Love
God."

WISCONSIN.

Wisconsin! Land of lakelets and of streams!
No lovelier landscape meets the traveler's eye,
Than sight of her green hills and pleasant fields,
Her prairies, stretching far away to meet
The blue of the arched sky, or forest belts,
Whose grateful shade keeps moist her virgin soil,
And hides the loveliness of fair wood-flowers.

There Labor sows with industry, and reaps
His sure reward. Her billowy fields of grain
Responsive more to breezes on whose wings
Is borne the freshness of her temperate air.
They drink her gentle showers and ere long
Are touched to golden in her sunshine. Then
The cheerful harvester is seen, and soon
The garners in their fullness glow, and breathe
Their sweet perfumes; and Peace and Plenty reign.

And there humanity in her pure air
Invigorating all the springs of life,
Is touched to finest issues of the mind
And heart. The native strength and force of old,
Like her own beautiful estates, is there,
With great hearts living out their liberties
In happiness and in content; and there
Are youths whose eyes shine brightly with the glow
Of aspiration, and there, maidens with
The bloom of health upon their cheeks.

How fair
The broad Wisconsin, bearing on its breast
The lovely dalles, and which the Algonquins called
"The gathering of waters." In old lands
Less free but not more fair were streams that flowed
Through history and praised in fuller verse,
That cleft old empires into twain or set
The bounds of kingdoms. Yet the Bacchic Rhine,
That revels in its vine-clad hills, or Seine,
That through inconstant France pursues its way,
Is not more beautiful. The picturesque
St. Croix amidst its pineries and the
Oconto with its silver falls and the

Menomonee are beautiful not less
Because they are not sung; nor are her lakes,
The Winnebago with its cliffs and plains,
The deep, clear waters of Geneva with
Its wooded, gravelly shores, the charming two
Score lakelets of Oconomowoc, the glens
And cliffs and emerald waters of Green Lake,
Or rustic Elkhart with its wooded drift
Of knolls and kettles; and there are yet streams
And lakelets fair as these through all her wide
Extent. Green Bay, as it reposes midst
Its rocky battlements and wooded plains,
Its bosom gemmed with isles, is beautiful,
And oceanic Michigan sublime.

Wisconsin, thou art beautiful indeed,
And happy are thy homes; and I have learned
To love the simplest flower that grows beside
The road, and turn with bond of sympathy
My heart toward the little brook, or oak
Whose life is rooted in the mossy bank;
And ofttimes in my childhood's simple heart,
In some beloved retreat where Nature filled
My soul with awe and wondering delight,
Imagined Eden was not half so fair.

THE GLACIER.

Yon glacier with its huge moraines heaped up
And fearful crevasses, a crystal stream
Of blue and green that daily, hourly creeps
With steady and continuous advance,
Is beautiful — sublimely beautiful.
How slow but irresistible its course!
Down through the valley year by year and inch
By inch the vast ice-river flows, and on
Through field, and meadow, forest, hill, and plain,
Destroying villages, all unconstrained,
And unconstrainable; and yet how like
The life of man. From Heaven descended it
Takes on its mold and conformation from
The secret womb of mountains whence it springs.
At first its conform soft and ductile yields
To every molding force, but soon acquires
A character and firmness of its own;
And an inevitable destiny
Impels it on its course. Constricted by

The crosses and the inequalities
Of its appointed way, by barriers
Impassable that fix the limits of
Its mighty energies hedged in, it still
Pursues its course, seamed with the many scars
Of mighty conflicts, groaning but resigned
To fate, and all the while though wasted is
Renewed by unseen potency. Upon
Its surface rest the spoils the progress of
Existence has acquired and made its own —
Oft weighty burdens void of excellence
Of beauty or of worth, a precious mass
At times with goodly ores and sparkling gems
That dazzle with their loveliness. At length,
Its greatest magnitude and power attained,
Commanding admiration for its strength
And splendor, waste predominates and soon
The vital springs begin to fail; it stoops
And in decrepit attitude resigns
Its burdens one by one, and hastens on
To dissolution; but, resolved into
Its elements, it takes a freer form,
And clearer, purer. From the feeble wreck
Leaps forth the noble river, and
Rejoicing hastens through the fertile vales,
And joins the ocean of the infinite.

TO THE IMMORTELLE.

The lily pure reigns but a day
Before it droops and fades away,
The petals of the perfect rose
Are scattered even while it blows,
But thou, sweet emblem of the truth,
Doth flourish in eternal youth.
Thy purity doth never fade,
But in thy spotless white arrayed
Thou seem'st fitly and full well
The flower of virtue, immortelle.

AN EXTRACT.

To the one who never felt home in its sweetness,
A home, and a true one, in all its completeness,
There is lost, be he great-man or rich-man or what,
A happiness, blessedness, which, thorgh 'tis sought
In substitute pleasures, never on earth
Is found but about the warm, family hearth.
And the true home is found in many a guise;
None so poor or so lowly but where it may rise;
Nor so splendid a dwelling where home may be not.
Whatever condition or varied the lot,
In country or village, in city or where,
Be there home-hearts and home-loves the home-life is there.
Oh, happy the man whose childhood's abode
Was a home, a true home, where the mother-love flowed
Like a pure vernal spring to enrich the young root,
And train up the manhood to bear goodly fruit !

And happy the nation whose homes are its boast.
In the van of all nations, the nation foremost!
'Tis the key-note of progress, the nation's estate.
America's title to fortune or fate;
And as the home lives unsullied and pure,
So long shall its greatness and glory endure.
But the lack of the true home — there lies the prime cause
That fires human hearts to transgression of laws.
The felon and righteous were born much the same;
In the home, or the lack of it — there was the blame;
For by chance, more than merit, a soul becomes low,
Because no good home gave it fortune to grow.
Had the murderer had but my mother, and I
The mother who left him to sin and to die,
Had he lived in my home and I in his den,
In his squalor and wretchedness, reader, what then?

All reform is within, and the social disease
Must be cured at the root — in the home, if you please,
And not by enactments to brook or restrain
By law or by license the festering bane.

Oh, could we have homes but for one generation,
That home-life should breed us a different nation!
But there at the last must the cure be applied,
When all other specifics have been laid aside;
And when homes shall have mothers more wise
— there's the need —
To keep fire on the home-altar burning, and feed
The heart-soul and mind-soul of young growing life,
Then will end the prime evils with which we are rife.

THE SUICIDE.

O youth ! You should not thus be lying here.
That noble brow, that form, was born to live,
And not so soon to grace the funeral bier,
Where they will weep, but hardly can forgive.

What mad, rash impulse urged you on to this,
Before you knew life's meaning or its way ?
The world shall never know. A mother's kiss,
Perhaps a maiden's tear, and clay to clay.

Yet, wondering, oft I've seen him as he'd pass
To seek his wonted haunt beside the brook,
Where, in the noontide, stretched upon the grass,
He'd watch the clouds or pore upon his book.

I marked the melancholy on his brow,
His drooping spirit and his moistened eye;
I might have been his friend, but not till now
Could I believe the youth had thought to die:

And so from cares, unshared or hopeless love,
  Or doubt, or grief, without a friend to save,
He craved surcease of sorrow from above,
  And thought to find it in the welcome grave.

And yet, unhappy youth, the nobler part
  Were to have overcome the ills of life,
And fought the battle of the brave, true heart,
  Despairing not in whatsoever strife.

ON THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

Oh, country ours, America!
How beautiful you stand!
And fairer, dearer, each birthday,
Our own, our native land!

What harmony, what happiness,
And fullness everywhere!
A thousand joys the people bless
Who breathe of Freedom's air.

Let freemen everywhere rejoice,
And song and praise arise;
For all as one in heart and voice,
Our liberties we prize.

May sons defend and daughters make
It ever worth defending;
So shall the nation's God forsake
Nor glories have an ending.

AN UNFORTUNATE.

Found in Chicago,
A suicide, dead;
Raise her up tenderly,
Lift up her head.
Beautiful, beautiful,
Even in death!
Oh, why so rashly
Wearied of breath!
Read what she's written
Addressed to her friend,
Oh, man's wickedness!
Where will it end!
Ruined, forsaken,
Heart-broken there,
Perished with laudanum,
Wild with despair.
Weak she was, surely,
Trusting man's heart,
Seduced by his cunning,
Deceived by his art.

Beseeching, imploring,
  Her honor to save,
She loved, but all vainly
  And sought the dark grave.
Ruined the woman,
  But not so the man,
So the world says;
  Believe it, who can!
O God! in thy judgment
  Thus will it be?
Wait, despicable
  Man, and see.
Pure and womanly,
  All that remains of her,
Let no one think of the
  Madness and stains of her.
Gather together the
  Tresses of hair;
Close the blue eyes
  Forever on care;
Fold her white hands
  Over her breast,
And lay her in Graceland
  Kindly to rest.

THE FRIENDS.

Pythias and Damon
  Were friends both fast and true,
As noble youths as any
  The Syracusans knew;
But the Syracusan tyrant,
  Dionysius,
Condemned one of the friends to death,
  The noble Pythias;

And Pythias of the tyrant
  Besought a short delay,
And craved of him permission
  To go home but for a day;
For Pythias' own sister
  Would on the morrow wed,
And Pythias desired to see
  Her once again, he said.

The tyrant granted him the day,
  But Damon was held bound
As hostage for the penalty
  Should not his friend come 'round;

And Pythias went homeward
To pass his short respite,
And passed the wood and stream and reached
His father's home ere night.

At last his stay was over;
His sister was a bride;
He set out from his father's house
And reached the river's side.
But the river now was swollen
With rain the night before,
And when he could not pass the stream
His mind was troubled sore.

"Alas!" he cried, "What shall I do?
I cannot reach the town."
He waited till the afternoon,
But the stream did not go down.
"'Tis late and I must save my friend.
If only this can save!"
He said, and plunged into the stream.
And struggled with the wave.

The river's tide was raging,
Both strong and deep and wide;
But with the strength of ten he reached,
At last the other side;

And dragged himself exhausted,
Onward with all his might
To reach the town and save his friend,
Before the shades of night.

He passed along till in the wood
He met a robber band;
But stopped not he for the robbers three,
Nor heeded their command;
But fought and slew them with his sword,
The robbers one by one,
And hurried on his weary limbs
Before the setting sun.

He reached the town of Syracuse
As Damon was led out,
But ere a single hair was touched
They heard Pythias' shout;
And Dionysius marvelled so
Such faithful friends to see,
He straightway pardoned Pythias
And asked they be made three.

And now their names are by-words
For friendship true and tried,
Where life is but a paltry thing,
The friendship trust beside.

And Pythias and Damon
  Live yet in tale and song,
And in the hearts of friends as dear
  Whose friendship is as strong.

THE COLISEUM.

This is the work of Rome — imperial Rome —
Built in her days of pride, and still endures,
Of Rome the type of grandeur and decay,
The majesty, the monarch of all ruins.
The golden house of Nero is no more,
Nor now the Forum, where of old was heard
The voice of Cicero, but here still stands
The Coliseum, stately, beautiful.

Here ruinous walls and broken arches rise
In one stupendous mass of masonry,
Like Hebrew Babel to the vault of heaven;
But o'er the pavement once the purple swept
Now slips the gleaming lizard, and where swarmed
The mighty population of great Rome,
Her pride and power and wealth, now flourishes
Unmoved, the lichen and the weed.

O Rome!
O Rome! How art thou fallen! Yet thou art,
As is thy Coliseum, beautiful
In ruin, grand in thy decay.

What life
Was here that is not! Here, where once the heart
Of mighty Rome throbbed in its fullest pulse,
We tread, but silently, and gaze upon
Its moldered walls and lonely passages
With what a sense of awe. For here the heart
Of Rome embalmed itself, and in this ruin
We live the centuries of Rome in hours
Of present time.

Kind nature here has healed
The wounds of years with grass and moss and
weed,
And in the shade of ruined arches bloom
A thousand flowers, while on the arches' crests
The cypress grows and twines its roots in ruins.
The air is thronged with twittering swallows, and
As in imperial times, recalling them,
An eagle in the sky above, with wings
Wide-spread, sails motionless along.

And now
The sunset splendor fires the lofty walls,
And like huge blocks of brown and massive gold
The travertine returns the western glow.
The flowers drink in the glory and appear
As gems in setting of the crust of stone,

While far above the rose-red clouds depend,
And through the shadowed arches flash the bars
Of molten crimson from the western sky.
But now the shadow of the westward wall
Creeps slowly through the stadium, and soon
The twilight draws its veil across the sky;
The molten clouds grow cool and pale to gray;
The shadows deepen o'er the galleries,
And shroud the arches and their rude decay;
And while you gaze, the vast circumference
Is thronged with myriad human forms.
You feel the cruel excitement of their eyes
As they gaze down, and hear beyond the hum
Of voices, the wild roar of beasts confined
Below. You are a gladiator, here
To die to grace a Roman holiday,
Or Christian martyr waiting for the beasts
That soon shall rend your limbs.

As from a dream
You wake. The stars are forth and twinkle through
The shapeless rents of ruin, and along
The summits of the broken arches wave
Tall cypresses against the blue midnight,
As they were shadowed on the far horizon.
The swift-winged bat flits past, and from

The Cæsar's ruin comes the owl's long cry,
Where all is desolation. Through the ways
And hundred lonely arches streams the light —
Pure, soft, and lambent, yet distinct and clear,
Of distant moon, as though at once to cheer
And to reveal the mighty ruin.

Now
The rugged desolation softens down,
And in the mellow light 'tis beautiful.
But from the summit of the Esquiline
The convent bell peals out, and brings once more
The mind to consciousness of modern Rome;
And then you see the mighty pile no more
Made beautiful by fancy and romance,
But as a vast and lasting monument
To the glory and the infamy of Rome.

REUNION AT GETTYSBURG.

JULY 2 AND 3, 1887.

The sun looks down on Gettysburg,
  Where once more blue and gray
Upon that old historic ground
  Are gathered in array.

The bayonets flash, and hark ! the peal
  Of infantry is heard,
But in the gray breast and the blue
  No enmity is stirred;

And borne amid the ranks of gray
  Our starry banner see :
Alike the serried ranks rejoice
  In glad fraternity.

The field that twenty-four years past
  Was red with human strife
Now consecrates to harmony
  The nation's strength and life.

Oh, let old hatreds be forgot!
They perished with their cause,
And one united land enjoys
Its freedom and its laws.

The God of nations gave to us
His purpose to fulfill;
Perchance the not less noble South
Had well performed His will.

But bravely, when in dark despair
Their ruined homes they sought,
They set to work, their wrong confessed,
And bore their heavy lot.

Redeemed the desolated South,
And beautiful she stands;
The North and South walk hand in hand,
The happiest of lands;

And while all honor's due the North,
My birthplace and my pride,
I glory in her sons in blue,
But love the South beside.

The nation's magnanimity
Is greater than its wrong,

And now its millions with acclaim
Rejoice that it is strong.

Upon this spot Oh let there rise
A monument to mark
Where fury quenched has ushered in
True friendship's vital spark !

And pointing upward shall its shaft
Call God to seal the deed,
That countrymen shall gird their swords
But for their country's need.

TO MRS. C.

Do you recall that evening, friend,
When you and I together
Went rowing on Mendota lake?
And pleasant was the weather.

The setting sun was fair to see,
But dearer still and fairer
Those evening shades that night in June,
The evening twilight rarer.

No ripple moved the silver lake;
No sound disturbed the breezes;
But just a murmuring afar,
As where the earthly ceases.

The singing of some happy maid
Came through the silence stealing,
The limpid drip of distant oars,
A wavy, dream-like feeling.

We floated on the perfect calm
With care nor aught to threaten;
I felt what I could not express,
You whispered, "This is Heaven."

RETRIBUTION.

Though the clouds be e'er so darkly
  Drifting o'er the way,
Every cloud must yield to sunshine,
  Every Night to Day.

Retribution, though it lingers
  Far beyond the sight,
Will at last reward him double
  Who endures the fight.

GLORY.

"No Jean, my Pauline must be,"
The old pensioner said,
"A soldier's bride, for only such
A soldier's child should wed;
Yet Jean I like you well, and when
You'll bring to me a sign
Of service from some valorous field,
My Pauline shall be thine."

"But how will she be happier,
Or love me more to know
That I have caused a mother's tears,
Or brought some young wife woe?
Or how shall I be kinder,
Or care for her the more,
When I'm returned from deeds of blood
And scenes of carnage o'er?"

"No Jean, you shall not talk thus,
For all my blood and name
Have with their good right-hand and sword
Won proud and lasting fame;

And he who wins my daughter's hand
  Must go where glory lies.
Go on, my son, to victory,
  And Pauline be the prize."

The young man left the pensioner,
  But with a heavy heart;
He passed the porch and garden path
  Where Pauline stood apart;
He clasped her hand and kissed her cheek:
  "Pauline, I'm going away;
But do not grieve for me," he said,
  "But wait some future day;"

"And if I come not back again,
  Remember Jean was true;
And if I fall upon the field,
  Pauline, 'tis all for you."
The maiden read his bloodless cheek:
  She knew it all and more;
She spoke no word but clung to him,
  For her heart was aching sore.

* * * * * *

Napoleon with his legions,
  Of France the pride and boast,
Pressed hard upon the Russians,
  And hard the Austrian host;

And flying on before him,
The Austrian army lay
Within Vienna's fortresses
At closing of the day.

At Lintz the legions halted,
At Lintz upon the Rhine,
Awaiting slow battalions
To come forward into line;
And the chief was at his quarters
With Lannes and Murat,
Who waited for the emperor's word
To move on Vienna,
When from his thought and writing
He paused to catch a word
From one outside who with Murat
In hot dispute he heard.

"Marechal, let the boy come in;"
And, when the lad was near,
The august emperor questioned;
"My boy, what seek you here?"
The lad's blue eye was fearless;
His voice was firm but low:
"I seek for glory, sire," he said.
Napoleon smiled as he answered:
"You have not far to go."

* * * * * *

To Brunn the Austrian emperor
Withdrew, and left to hold
The great bridge o'er the Danube,
Which 'tween their forces rolled.
The brigade of Anersburg,
Whose batteries looked down
Upon the bridge and river's tide
From heights above the town;

And they had laid the structure
With mine and powder train
To blow it up, should once the foe
Its guarded passage gain;
But all unknowing, on they come
In line and bright array,
Until the flower of France is there
With Murat and Lannes.

They overwhelm the vanguard;
They throng the great bridge-way;
And countless bayonets flash and shine,
As they charge above the hidden mine
Where death and destruction stay.
A flash of flame shines brightly,
But it vanishes again;
And the Austrian host with bated breath
Await in vain the work of death,
And the shock which never came.

For from the ranks of sappers,
The first to see the flame,
A youth leaped from the parapet,
Extinguishing the train.
They charged the battery and found
Vienna at their feet,
And soon after at Austerlitz
Their victory was complete.

* * * * * *

"Whom have we here?" Napoleon
Inquired of the white-robed nun
Who waited on a sufferer
At the hospital of Reygun.
"The one who saved the bridge at Lintz,"
She said, as the great chief scanned
The features of the wounded youth,
And laid on the head his hand;

"And are you not the one," he said,
Who sought for glory?" — "Sire,"
The pale-faced youth responded
While his bright eyes flashed with fire:
"'Twas I that sought for glory,
But I sought it for Pauline,"—
"Then live, my boy, to show her this,"
The emperor said to Jean,

And he took the cross of the Legion,
That hung from his own breast,
And pinned it on Jean's bosom,
As the sufferer lay at rest.

* * * * * *

'Tis Jean once more with Pauline,
For she met him at the door;
And she was worn with waiting,
And he tired and footsore;
And there was the old pensioner,
Who long had grieved Jean's loss;
And now his sight had failed him,
Nor did he see Jean's cross;

And he in his age and blindness
Had often sighed for Jean,
And often thought of his last proud words,
And his drooping flower, Pauline;
And his voice is full of trembling,
And full his sightless eyes,
As Jean directs the old man's hand
Where the Cross of the Legion lies.

"Now, father, have I come," he said
To claim Pauline, but not
By right of a wife's or a mother's tears
Or the orphan's heavy lot;

For my hands are free from the crimes of war,
And my sword is still unstained,
But the Cross of the Legion of Honor is mine,
And my Pauline is fairly gained."

WILL.

What force is Will? 'Tis not the force of flesh,
But has its divine origin in Soul,
And flourishes for good. From conscience sprung
On conscience does it feed, and conscience strong
Is at the root of every noble will.
It is the measure of the spiritual
In man — the highest test of good in him.
Through it the passions — aye most sacred love —
The worst, the best of them, that link the mind
To matter, come to be the gushing founts
That bear the living waters to the roots
Of the tree spiritual, and ensoul the man.
How vain are conscience, thought, or love, without
This Will to turn them into conduct and
Translate them into deeds? No noble thought
Has birth and lives to honor of the man,
But with the will to spur the intellect,
And hold it firm upon its heavenly quest,
In spite of doubt and disadvantage, through

Discouragement and unpropitious fate;
It still persists in seeking beauty in
Things ugly, and compels the world to yield
The spirit sunshine from the riven clouds,
Our guiding angel, servant, savior, friend,
Who helps us on to Heaven in the path
By doing-souls pursued.

Strong and sublime,
The spirituality of Fenelon
And Channing, yet the stronger spirit lived
In Howard or in Florence Nightingale,
Whose wills were strong as their hearts good and true.
In plain, prosaic Washington reposed
A strength of spiritual force that far outweighed
The preacher or the prophet of his time.
Through all the years he wrestled with his foe —
The greater one, discouragement and want —
His purpose never weakened, and his will,
Calm, strong, and resolute, was Victory.

And here we look for triumph of the soul,
And here we place our hope in growing man.
Not in the wasted, scattered, mobile mass
Is victory, but in the close phalanx
With firm and ordered tread and strong resolve.
Then on, O steadfast Will, from height to height
Of spirit to the victory of the soul.

THE FIRST BASS-RELIEF.

In a little shop in Athens
A potter turned his wheel,
And cheerfully day after day
He molded wares of potter's clay
To earn his humble meal;

But his heart was well contented,
As he turned and formed the clay,
While his daughter with a happy smile
Stood by and looked or helped the while,
Or trilled a merry lay;

And she picked the wild hedge roses
And sold to whom would buy,
And she ranged the white-rowed earthenwares,
Or bethought herself of her father's cares
And some new design to try;

And well might he be happy,
For she was good as fair;
And it was said 'twas her sweet face
And skillful hands that charm'd the place,
And brought the buyers there.

Perhaps so thought Antenor,
A handsome Grecian youth,
Who often lingered at the door
To price a vase, or buy a flower,
Or watch him work forsooth.

I only know he went there,
And that he loved the maid,
But soon was called upon to go
And march against a foreign foe
And serve in his country's aid.

But on the eve of going
Before he bade farewell,
The potter's daughter Amymon
Her lover's likeness sketched upon
The wall where his shadow fell;

And the rude outline, her father,
To do his little part,
Filled in with plastic clay and made
A bass-relief of the outlined shade,
And so began an art.

The potter Dibutades,
His daughter, and her lover,
Were all forgotten long ago,
But Art sprang from the relievo,
And hearts beat on as ever.

THE WINE-CUP.

Young Lycius became the king of Crete,
A prince of goodly parts, discreet withal,
Who promised much, but he unwisely formed
The love for wine, and left the cares of state
Forgotten, while with young friends at his court
He passed the day and night in reveling.

His old instructor, Philocles, one day
Thus found him and reproached him bitterly :
"O Lycius, is this the way I taught?
Thou art a king and should not thus be found
Inebriate and wasting hours away
In dissipation, while thy rule and state
Lie unattended and forgot."

The young man only laughed and joined again
His mad companions in their song and jest,
But Philocles again entreated him :
"The state requires it, Lycius. Thou art
A king to serve as well as rule, and know
That thou art bound by every interest

Of thy fair state whose safety lies in thee.
But if this fail, let manhood voice its claim.
Rise, rise, and put away the wine-cup, take
Thy dignity and manliness again,
And be the man the more that thou art king."

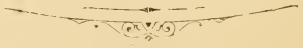
The young king felt the sharp rebuke and said :
" Remember, Philocles, I am no more
Thy pupil. Now I am thy king, and I
Am answerable to the gods alone
For what I do."

Then Philocles replied :
"And I speak from the gods that what you most
Do love shall by the wine-cup die," and turned
To leave the king, but Lycius enraged
Threw at his head the wine-cup. Streaming red,
The wine like blood was scattered, but the cup
Missed Philocles and struck the court below.

A woman's cry rang out upon his ears,
A mother's scream for her child stricken dead,
For Lycius had slain it with the cup;
And Lycius knew the cry : It was his wife's.
O miserable Lycius, 'tis thine !

TO THE VENUS ACCROUPIE.

Of all that now remains of marble Greece
There is none other can compare with thee,
Thou rarely human Venus Accroupie.
Some sculptor called thee his proud masterpiece,
Nor vainly gave thee life when his should cease.
'Tis not that thou art beautiful; to me
Thy passing charm is thy humanity,
Though mutilate, instinct in every crease,
Life, living, loving, breathing in each line,
The human reached beyond the unreal divine
Thy fairer sisters figured, but the form
Of Grecian womanhood instinct and warm,
Like some Pigmalion waiting for the art
That should awake thy tender, loving heart.



THE LITTLE CLOUD.

At eventide I saw a little cloud,
A little silver cloud at eventide,
That sailed toward the West with moveless wings
Outstretched and paly as a dove, and said :

"Ah joy was mine; the livelong day he bathed
"Me in his beams, he bathed me in his beams;
"And over pleasant vales I floated free;
"And fell my happy shadow like a dream.

"O kiss my lips again, my pallid lips,
"And bring the morning's rosy blush again !
"O take me to your arms before you go,
"Before I melt away in tears and mist ! "

And while she spoke she changed her pallid hue,
And glowed as flame — a shining wreath of flame
That dimmed the lustre of the evening star,
But Oh, she faded slowly as she went,

She faded slowly till she was as white
As snow and cold and colorless as death;
And from the East a cool wind came and breathed
Upon her, and she disappeared in mist.

TO COWPER.

Poor spirit! You were out of tune
With all the world; your intellect
Was strong and good, but all too soon
Your finer nature your defect.

So fine an instrument your heart,
Which only one had learned to play,
Unused so long and laid apart;
What under that you were not gay!

I read your story and for you
I felt and dropped a silent tear;
I know your heart was warm and true
By what your mind has left me here.

Kindred spirits — Shelley, Poe,
Like you shall not be judged to-day.
How strong, how weak, we cannot know,
Perhaps we err — and who shall say?

IN A WOOD.

Oh, well I remember when last I was here,
For you were here with me; 'twas Spring of the year.
The arbutus bloomed and the violets then;
And the nests were a building of linnet and wren;
And our hearts were beating, as young hearts will beat,
With none of the bitter and all of the sweet;
And here on this bank in the forest's still shade
We read the sweet tale of the Arcadie maid,
Nor even I dream'd in my happiness then
That I'd be here now when the flowers came again
To drink of the cup of sorrow alone,
The dregs that remained when the sweetness was gone.
Oh, would you were here once again as before
With all the past joys of our youth to live o'er,
The false words forgetting, the true ones renew —
But now 'tis too late, too late to be true.

APRIL RAIN.

A score of white-winged swimmers
  Are in the April sky;
And floating hither, thither,
  You chase them with your eye;

And soon a little bevy
  In company are seen;
And streaks of gray are stretching
  Across the fields of green;

And drifting slowly over,
  The clouds come one by one,
And gently drop their burdens
  A laughing in the sun.

The pools are full and dancing;
  The flowers are happy too;
And every petal glistens
  And drips with crystal dew.

The eaves laugh with their bounty;
  The cattle linger still,
And crop the new-come verdure
  Upon the rain-kissed hill.

And in the little cottage
Childhood is pleased to hear
The patter of the merry drops
That greet its eager ear.

But now the sun is shining;
And in the East appears
The bow of promise, smiling
Through April's easy tears.

THE LITTLE RAIN-DROP.

(WRITTEN FOR A CHILD, WHO WISHED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ALL FOR HER.)

"Dear little rain-drop! How came you here?"
Questioned a child as out of the sky
Fell a bright drop on a leaf near by.
Answered the rain-drop, "I'll tell you, my dear."

"Far in the forest I sprang from the ground,
"Joined with my sisters a bright, purling stream,
"And day after day with a merry sunbeam
"Danced to the brooklet's rippling sound;

"Then, when pebbles and brook-flowers were passed,
"Speeding along on the current's drift,
"Borne on the river swift and more swift,
"Found ourselves lost in the ocean at last;

"But there the sunbeam I played with before
"Knew me and gave me wings to fly
"Up to a beautiful cloud in the sky
"Where I imagined my wanderings o'er;

"But soon, while folded in the sunbeam's caress,
"Cool breezes whispered to me to go
"Down to the thirsty earth below;
"And I came down from the sky to bless."

"Dear little rain-drop! I know why you're here.
"You came from Our Heavenly Father above,
"Bearing a message to me of His love."
Answered the rain-drop, "That's why, my dear."

INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

"O world as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty."

— BROWNING.

There is a voice in nature to the heart
Transcending other voices. And it speaks
How differently! Yet it always brings
Pursuasion to the soul if one but hears.
What wonder that the simpler mind
Of days gone by imagined spirits in
The streams and woods, and heard a deity,
That spoke to them from rock or sea or sky!
What wonder that the Druid was inspired
With awe when he beheld the majesty
Of mighty oaks beside whose ancient trunks
He stood and felt his insignificance,
And heard above him whisperings so strange
They thrilled his soul and moved his mind to think
'Twas very God.

And God does speak to us,
Not only in the venerable oak,
Whose limbs are arched so far above our heads,
And midst whose leaves and on whose summits
stray
The breezes and the mystery, but in
The sweet wood-flower that grows beside its root,
For He delights in nature and we find
Him there always. And Nature is, indeed,
The vaster temple of the living God,
Whose presence 'tis that speaks to us, when we
Commune with Him in mountain, wood, or sea.
And Oh, the revelation! Hand in hand
We walk with Him, and all is clear. We feel
His great unchanging love, and every doubt
Or fear is gone. Confiding faith alone
Remains and peace of mind ineffable.
We learn — what is so hard to learn — to love
Our Father for Himself, with all our heart
And soul and mind. We feel that he is near,
And who can feel His nearness and not love?

An April morning how well I recall,
When but a child and all untaught, I felt
The first intimation in my heart of God.
It was advanced in Spring, and the great sun
Was shining full of warmth and life, while here

The last snow-banks were wasting, there the grass
Began to show a tender blade, and in
The leafless oaks I heard with joy the first
Glad voices of the birds returned. They sang
So full of happiness and joy and cheer!
It seemed as if all nature caught the strain,
And joined in one glad song of praise, and I
Could not resist the influence and felt
My heart in harmony and beating fast.
Before God was a name, but then I felt
What I can not describe. I only know
God was no name, and then I worshipped Him
The first time in my life and felt in me
A fulness I had never felt before.
And often since within the shady wood
Beneath the roof of interwoven boughs
That over-arched my head, and midst the calm
And quiet all unbroken save by sound
Of breezes playing in the leaves, have I
Communed with him; and He has never seemed
So kind in any other place, so full
Of love and tenderness.

Yet I have heard
Him in the wild confusion of the waves,
And I have felt him as I gazed upon

The trackless waters stretching far beyond
The limits of the eye — have felt his care
As tenderly to rest on me as even
It broods upon the silent deep. All things
In nature are instinct with Him, the moist,
Cool earth so full of life and even the
Sweet flower with scented breath and form
So delicate. All nature tells of Him,
And there shall we find answer to all things.
The tiniest grass-blade springing from the sod
Assures my mind there is a future Life;
The opening bud, the cloud that floats above me,
Tell me that God is and is Good. The wing
Of bird, the pebble, the tinted leaf of Autumn,
The violet that smiles in early Spring,
Are messengers unto my soul, and speak
Of goodness, beauty, and eternal truth.

Oh, there have been times when I've been so far
Away from Him that all seemed dark and drear,
And living in myself apart have groped
About in darkness and despair. But I
Have turned away from my worse self, and walked
With thee, O Nature, who have led me on
Through scenes of beauty, showing me this flower,
That brook, or pleasant vale, from height to
height

Of cheer and hope and love and faith anew,
Until my slow blood bounded free again,
And I could laugh or weep for very joy.

But Oh, how various the attitudes
Of Nature to the mind. When I have seen
The angry sea aroused, and threatening
Almost to burst apart its fetters and o'erwhelm
The land with all its mighty force; or when
From heaven the deep-toned thunders crashed,
And the storm with wind and lightning raged high,
And rugged oaks were torn up by their roots
Or riven by an instant flash of fire;
Or when the whirlwind irresistible
Swept over cities and left them in ruins; —
With what a sense of awe I've gazed upon
These scenes and felt my helplessness
And my dependence on the care of God.
Oh, from these mightier manifestations of
Thy power spare us and ours, and let us walk
Secure in Thy serener moods to learn
Of Thy great mercies and Thy care and love;
And by the running brook, or in the wood,
Or in the meadow sweet with flowers and Thy
Sunshine, let us be taught Thy providence;
Let us commune with Thee in meetly love.

Oh, sometimes I have been on lofty mounts
Of spirit in Thy high places, where I
Could gaze upon the life of man as I
Would view the valley far away and far
Beneath the eye; and I have looked upon
The mysteries of Heaven in the night,
And seen in space a thousand systems like
Our own with suns and moons, a thousand orbs
And thousands yet beyond outmeasuring
Our own, and in my mind have thought of them
As throbbing with a life like ours; and I
Have almost felt the strange desire, when I
Have gazed upon these scenes, to cast myself
Into immensity, to mingle with
The earth from whence I sprung; for I have seemed
So lost in vastness, so o'erwhelmed with thought
Of the immeasurable, that I have almost longed
To lose myself in dissolution, and
Have doubted even God could have a care
Or thought for me; but when the morning sun
Rose clear and bright and warm, and all the birds
Were singing praises, and I rose refreshed
From sleep to breathe the morning air so pure
And full of sweetness; when I saw each blade
Of grass remembered by the dew, each flower
Opened that closed at night and beautiful

For me; Oh, I felt glad, for I was sure
The tiniest heart of bird that tried to praise,
The simplest floweret, the most worthless thing,
Was still remembered, and the more was I.
For the great sun was shining still for me,
Placed there by Him; for me the birds sang, and
For me the flower shed its sweet perfume;
And surely He remembered and had care
For those whom He created most like Him.

And when again in sweet tranquility
The evening comes, and Nature feels His calm
And restful peace, the human heart rests too
In peace that passeth understanding. Or
Upon the placid lake, when all things rest
And all is silent but the liquid dip
Of oars or sound in distance almost lost,
Upon its bosom floating it shall seem
Almost like Heaven.

Oh, is there anything
In this wide world more strange, or anything
More wonderful in worlds unknown,
Than Nature's influence upon our life?
Where'er we go, in open field or wood,
Upon the mountain, by the sea or brook,

We find her there, and we are thrilled with touch
Too delicate for words to tell, and feel
An ecstacy we cannot speak. O world
All beautiful! 'Tis knowing this that draws
The heart to what is good and true, and this
Is love — the highest love — the love of God.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh, what is man
That he should be endowed by God with powers
Of mind and soul and heart so Godlike! Yet
How does he glorify his Maker, or
How does he not, who in His image made
Is so imperfect in his ways!

And is
There growth? Shall ages find humanity
With mind as strong and heart and soul as pure
As is its due from its high parentage?
The promise is full sweet. I like to think
That ages hence by nurture and by growth,
By fuller light, by wisdom, truth, and love,
The man-soul shall ascend from height to height
Of aspiration, longing, action, good,
Led by the care and tenderness of God,
Till he shall worthily be called, in truth,
The son of God.

What imperfections now
We have we all do know and feel too well.
Diseases of the mind and soul affect
The race — Oh, not possessions, let me hope,
But voids still unillumed by healing light —
That yet breed passions, crimes, contentions, wars.
The promise is that what were greater now
Are growing less. Yet slowly, slowly, Oh,
So slowly! But in the scales of judgment place
The virtues of the past in balance with
Those of the present and ours shall outweigh
The past by every heart-throb, every love,
By every doubt and struggle of the mind,
By all the true and good and beautiful
That has been in the growing life of man.

THE MONTHS.

The whole year as the seasons change, O God,
Are but the different aspects of thy love,
Which ever is the same; and through it all
The same great wisdom, care, and love prevail.
'Tis ushered in in darkness; and the day
And night are strong with equal reign. The air
Is sharp, and cold, and clear; the earth as white
As an unwritten page, and frost-flowers bloom
Upon the window pane and on the brook,
Whose laugh is hushed and spirit still; the lake
Is draped in white samite or silver robes,
But all is cold; and underneath, its pulse
Is faint and slow as beats a new-born babe's,
For 'tis the pulse of New-year; but ere long
It shall be strong. Why is the earth so white?
It is as though the past were all effaced,
And all the earth were spread an open leaf
For records of the new-born year.

Old sounds
Are silent in the dreary forest, for
The leaves that sighed and wooed the breezes of

The year before are underneath the snow,
The insects dead, and old nests tenantless,
And infant January slumbers now,
While white and tranquil over all the snow
Lies in its newness and its purity,
The virgin robe of the unspotted year.
But now 'tis February, and the day
Gains on the night, but yet the strife of heat
And cold is scarce commenced. The North winds come
From regions of perpetual ice, and through
The forests of frost-cracking boughs resound
The wild, wierd cries of Northern bergs and ice-
Resounding oceans. Wild storms rage, and all
The elements join in the conflict, yet
As February wanes the silent work
Begins. The earth is yet enveloped in
Its frosty covering, but is not dead;
And now the sun has left the tropic of
The South, and moves upon its Northward way,
And whispers in the noontide words of hope
To every sleeping seed and root beneath
The snow, and promises deliverance.
Some morning finds the earth all sparkling bright
With myriad jewels. From every tree and shrub
Flash countless diamonds that bend down the boughs

With very weight, and 'tis a crystal world,
Whose beauty is beyond description when
From every gem the sun's rays scintillate.
But still the storms cry out. The close frost-lock
Is opened by the smiling day, but night
Shuts up the earth again in icy gyves.
Yet in the constant strife Darkness and Cold
Are wearied and still weaker grow; and now
The conflict rages wilder, and young March
Comes whistling like a boy; but victory
Is gained.

Now come those long, slow rains that sap
The icy fortresses of Winter, and
The snow upon the hill at last forsakes
Its long retreat to swell the mountain brook
That bounds along so happy and so free.
The pools fling up their icy cerements;
The sullen ice, retreating from the fields,
Seeks refuge from the sun behind the rock
Or fence concealed in shadow; day by day
Come gentle thaws that we can only trace
By stained snow-banks that shrink before the sun,
Or by the quiet drip of cottage eaves;
And soon the whole world is awake again.

There comes the voice of migratory birds,
Their tiny throats a warbling their joy

So loud and glad all nature joins the song,
And everything sings praises unto Him.
Now from the debris of last year's decay,
On knolls and banks that face the South and East
The first green blades lift up their tiny heads
And speak to me of an immortal hope —
Of resurrection and of life. The frail
Anemone and blushing arbutus
Peep out from sunny slopes and from the wood;
And come the moist, warm days, when in the air
Is breathed the smell of soil; and on the slopes
Of Northern hills are wasting fast away
The shrunken skeletons of ice. The buds
Upon the lilacs swell and burst; the elms
Fling down their dingy flowers; the crimson
bloom
Of maples lie upon the ground; and all
Creation wears a smile.

The oriole
Adjusts his hammock on some favored bough;
The sparrows fly in twos; and martins scold;
And April comes, when brooks run full like young
Hearts overflow, and showers drop easily.
Like shadows upon innocence the clouds
Float in the sky, and gently come the showers
Mid sunshine, like so many tears of joy,

And daintily the drops fall to the earth
Upon the glistening flowers and new-come grass.
The dandelions like so many stars
Are blossoming; the wild-cherry lifts up
Its tremulous, white fingers from the hedge;
And in the woods the modest violet
Is bowing its fair head.

But April is
The month of singing. In the mighty oaks,
That now begin to show their grayish tufts,
Ere long to turn to waxen leaves, the birds
Sing in full chorus. All their little hearts
Are full of rapture and they sing of cheer;
And happy Robin in his quest for food
Hops in the furrows that the farmer ploughs.

Now May, the flower-month, blossoms everywhere.
She searches out the cold, resentful nooks,
Where lingering snows had long refused the sun.
And even there spring up the sweet wild-flowers.
And hearts bloom too. The maiden and the youth
Are touched to finer feeling as they walk
Together in the field or wood and cull
The flowers: the young heart bounds to mighty truths

When in the atmosphere of love; and now
All things are beauty, tenderness, and love;
And even Nature seems in love with God.
The air is soft and balmy with the breeze,
That from the West wafts flowery odors; now
The forests smile again in green; and all
God's largess seems in fair profusion spread,
While transport touches every spring of life.
The running brooks that laugh and dance along
So merrily, the gladsome rills that leap
From stone to stone, the rustling foliage,
The sea-shore, and the dainty little flower,
And every form of nature voice His praise
Or wear His smile; and heart and sense are joy.

Fair June advances, radiant with smiles
And gay with fruits and flowers. The genial sun
Illumines with its first, bright morning rays
The Northern slopes, while yet the glistening dew
Is on the grass blade and the flower. The wings
Of breezes bear sweet perfumes; and the air
Is full of sweetness, mild and calm as of
Sabean Araby. The forests sing
Sweet symphonies of zephyrs and of birds
That lull to sleep, while every where is rest.
But ever now and then like mighty birds
The storm clouds spread their wings and fly

From the horizon to the zenith, till
With thunders and with flash of heavenly fire
The rain descends upon the grateful fields;
And then the flowers laugh amidst their tears
For joy, the thirsty fields drink in their fill,
The air is freshened, and all things rejoice.
For this is Nature in her plentitude,
When earth shows all its treasure, and in all
God lives and speaks. For He is where the wood
Casts its soft shade of interwoven boughs
Upon the grassy carpet; He is where
The little brook ripples upon its stones,
Or on the bosom of the placid lake;
And every flower and tree His presence claims;
And He is in the heavens when at night
We gaze upon their wondrous lights; and He
Is on the tranquil earth.

But now July
Has come and turned the temperate heats of June
To glowing breaths of fire. But it is well,
For there are hidden things in life that are
Not known till fire reveals them, and the earth
Shall bring forth to the uttermost the wealth
That it contains when tried by fire. The vines
Hang down their tender tendrils, flowers droop,

And even the maize that finds delight in heat
Is rolled and withered; but thou cans't not destroy
What frost and ice could not.

The fields of grain
Are touched to golden now in July's sun,
And soon will be the harvest. August comes,
The glowing ripeness of the year. The fierce
Sun blazes in the heavens and outstares
The strongest flower that dares to look at him,
But he shall not destroy. The hidden works
And all the deep unreached places are found
By August's glowing hands. Upon the bough
The apples hanging feel the touch, and blush
A rosy red; the grapes upon the vines,
Which droop with weight of them, are kissed and shall
Respond with sweetness; and the yellow grain
Is ready for the harvest. How beautiful
The rye, the rustling oats and billowy wheat!
And now the lazy herds plash in the sedge;
Fish seek the deeper pools; the forest fowl
Lead out their young to newer haunts, and now
The huntsman seeks the stubble. The cicada
Is chirping like a rattle, and the air

Is resonant with insect orchestras.
The lizard passes swiftly o'er the rough
Stone wall and stares at you.

The sun
Has triumphed over all, but leaves at night
The dew to pity the hot earth; and now
September, month of secret work, is come.
The sultry heat has passed away, and now
Delicious coolness at the eventide
Succeeds the genial warmth of day. The earth
Swells with increase; the yellow corn peeps through
Its blanching husks; but still the forest stands
In dress of undecayed magnificence,
And trees put forth their darkest foliage,
Half hiding, half revealing ripened fruit,
As if to tempt the appetite of man.
The winds, that run along the summits of
The trees, hardly disturb the silence of
The shade beneath; the rivulets flow on
As noiselessly; and 'tis the heart's month, too,
When all affections ripen, and the world
Is dear and beautiful as when in June.

But now October comes and bends the boughs
To earth with mellow fruit. The apples drop
In stillest hours; the seeds are ripe; and leaves

Let go and waver to the earth without
A sound and when the winds are still. Anon
Stiff breezes come; and then the yellow leaves
Are scattered on the ground to mingle with
More gorgeous tints of maple and of ash.
The woods grow thinner, and above the clear
Blue sky looks down. It is the time of long
And sunny calms; and now the sunsets come
In wonderful magnificence of light
And color, brilliant harmonies of tint
Of gold, vermeil, and orange, and the dye
Of Tyre, that slowly settle down at last
Into transparent twilight that veils all
The russet hills and fields in tranquil shade.
It is the golden month; the earth yields up
Its riches, and the garners fill with wealth.

November comes with resignation, and
Waits patiently until the end, for life
Is now accomplished. All is done,
And she is thankful and content. The heart
Is mellow now, and all things silently
Thank God from hearts too full for utterance
For all His goodness and His care.

Yet still
The Indian summer lingers. These are days
To meditate, for they, too, speak of God.

Soon messengers at night come to prepare
The earth for burial, and with hoar-frosts
They deck her bosom. All the fair, young flowers
Are drooping and are dying one by one.
So die the beautiful and good. Come, thou,
December, bury them; through the still air
Fling round them slumbrous snows, and muffle all
The trees with thy cold garments; bury all
The year has known, and let the watchful stars,
That shine so brightly on thy frosty nights,
Look down upon the stilly, clear, cold world.
But Oh, it is not death, for there is life
In death: and know that in the midst of death
Like this was born the Resurrection and the Life.
'Tis life, 'tis love and life the entire year.

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